

# FILM CULTURE

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# FILM CULTURE

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OUR COVER: A still from *The Doll Merchant*, directed by Jack Witikka for Oy Suomen Filmiteollisuus (SF) and to be released here soon by Tudor Pictures, Inc. This anti-dictatorship film will introduce the American audiences to the young but mature cinema of Finland. Another Finnish film, *The Unknown Soldier*, a bold reconstruction of the Russian-Finnish war, is scheduled to be shown at Cinema 16 this season (see our back cover).

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**350 WOUKS:** Jerry Wald recently stated in New York that he is very much interested in making films on "contemporary America" but, he complained, "there are no books dealing with contemporary life. The only one that comes closest to it is Herman Wouk's 'Marjorie Morningstar'."

Now, Wouk's book is a typical example of the half-thought, half-felt type of writing that is so characteristic of our films. One looks at the titles of the books announced for filming and wonders: 350 Wouks last year, 350 more Wouks this year. Why don't our producers and our bankers who finance films get a good writer or a good poet to advise them? How can one honestly point out Wouk as an example of good contemporary American writing? Jerry Wald and his colleague producers apparently have never heard of William Styron, Geoffrey Wagner, James Gould Cozzens, James Baldwin, Alan Kapelner, Saul Bellow, Anais Nin, Edmund Wilson, Louis Auchincloss, Leonard Bishop and Walter Van Tilburg Clark—each one a head above Mr. Wouk. And what about our poets? The entire body of writers who make American literature of the mid-century is still untapped. If we want freshness in our films, if we want to get rid of the naivete and the half-thought—these are some of the people whose writings can infuse new blood, new themes, and provoke new forms. We have had enough of the same old forms and the noble senility that constitute our "official" cinema. What we need is a new germination if our film-making is to outgrow the 19th century. Cinema has to be brought up to date!

Of late we have been somewhat startled by a fresh breeze—a dozen films came out this year dealing with "contemporary America": *The Young Stranger*, *Twelve Angry Men*, *Dino*, *The Strange One*, *Edge of the City*, *The Great Man*, *On the Bowery*, *A Face in the Crowd*, *Bachelor Party*, *A Hatful of Rain*. It is a good sign, at least thematically. But there is no sign of creativity in them. Abusing the term, one could say these films are all "realism" and no poetry. They contain no poetry that would lift them above the mere surface and out of the puerile plane of thought and experience—that would give them life.

Why not ask for advice from our writers and our poets instead of from amateurs?

**NEWSREELS:** A sinking ship, a game of football, a politician arrives, an automobile race, another politician descending from an airplane. Is this what the "people" want to see? Is this so important to see and so necessary to see—this collection of trivialities? What about those who make our culture? What about the artists, the scientists, the schools, and what about the people and how they live? What about essentials? Isn't there a newsreel company that could make something more substantial, more human for our art theater audiences and for everybody? More than just dog show exhibitions, plane crashes or politicians descending from airplane bridges?

JONAS MEKAS

GEORGE BLUESTONE



It is easy to see why Federico Fellini's black Chevrolet has become a demi-legend. A book on *Le notti di Cabiria*, published recently by Capelli, includes a note by Pier Pasolini describing it. And after an evening's drive you can see why Fellini's friends remember it.

At first, Fellini's driving is unsettling. He weaves in and out of traffic, misses pedestrians by inches, swerves away from Nomentana's interminable monuments, dodging yellow traffic blinkers as if he were trying out a darkened slalom. But after ten minutes or so, your confidence is restored. For two things have dawned on you by then. The first is that Fellini has no particular destination in mind. He *likes* to drive. He is carelessly at ease at the present moment. He will stop and run into a bar to make a phone call, pick up a friend at a downtown *albergo*. But, clearly, driving is diversion for him, a release for his battery energy which, like a storage cell, renews itself in motion. The second thing to dawn on you is that Fellini is really an expert driver. Appearances aside, the Chevrolet is at every moment under Fellini's control. As one hand lightly guides the wheel, the other gestures—it acts. You remember Rossellini's description of him: "He is at once imprecise and precise." And Geneviève Agel's: "Fellini is a visionary of the real." The inevitable question occurs to you. When Masina and Quinn and Basehart were being directed by Fellini, was it like driving with him through a blinking Roman night?

Once you relax, you can watch his face. He is bigger than he seems from his pictures, and younger. The faint brush of gray in his black mane is right for a director with an international reputation at thirty-six. It gives his youth exactly the authority it needs. When an interviewer once asked him, "What for you is the greatest human quality?" Fellini answered, "Love of one's fellows." "The greatest fault?" "Egoism." His answers are enacted in his face. The eyes are gentle. They empathize, even suffer. The nose is aquiline, proud. Like a *saltimbanque*, he combines the simple dreamer and the hardened vagabond. You can understand why he once expressed a desire to have known both St. Francis and Satan. After Cannes, a young French critic, Jean-Marie Daillet, was to write: "Fellini speaks little, but he is cordial; he is introspective, but not narcissistic; his temperament is ultra-sensitive, but not disturbed. He does not ask himself about the future of what the critic calls Fellinism. Images and ideas accumulate in him and empty into his films and all that interests him is the evolution of one to the other." It is all true. As he drives, he talks, but not easily. His large hands are often more expressive than his speech. He would clearly rather drive than talk.

Interviewer: I have heard that an unofficial Vatican

GEORGE BLUESTONE IS THE AUTHOR OF "NOVELS INTO FILM." HIS SHORT STORIES AND CRITICAL ARTICLES HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN "THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY," "THE SEWANEE REVIEW," AND OTHER PERIODICALS.

censor wanted to keep *Le notti di Cabiria* from going to Cannes, but that Cardinal Spira of Genoa was responsible for getting your film approved. Is this true?

Fellini: Where did you hear this?

—I read it. In "Cinema Nuovo," I think.

—Oh, well, if you want to understand my work, don't read "Cinema Nuovo." They have called *La Strada*—called me—a traitor to neo-realism. In Italy, it is very difficult to find honest, objective criticism about directors. There are too many special interests.

—But there is some truth in the Cardinal Spira story?

—There are certain rumors. They . . . are unimportant.

—Do you find any problem of censorship over here?

—For the film-maker there has always been censorship. In every country. In Italy, if it has not come from the Church, it has come from the bureaucracy. If not from the bureaucracy, then from the Communists. But I do think that if a film is a good film, it will find its audience. The trouble with *La Strada* is that the Church seized on it, used it as a flag. The return to spirituality. So "Cinema Nuovo" turned against it. I assure you, if "Cinema Nuovo" had praised it first, the Church might very well have turned against it. It is very hard to see a work for what it is, without prejudice.

—What, then, would you consider a reputable critical analysis of your work?

—Geneviève Agel's book, in French, "Les Chemins de Fellini."

—We hear it said that neo-realism brought the Italian film to world attention, but that now the excitement of the immediate post-war years is over, that the innovations of neo-realism are over, that a vacuum has been created which has left the Italian film confused about where to go. What is your personal reaction to this?

—I don't think it is so confused. Remember, after the war our themes were ready-made. Primitive problems: how to survive, war, peace. These problems were topical, immediate, brutal. But today the problems are different. Surely the neo-realists would not hope for the continuation of war and poverty just because it gave them good material. I think the editors of "Cinema Nuovo" are partly responsible for what you call our uncertainty. Instead of realizing that neo-realism was a beginning, they assumed it was an end, a golden age. Some of the neo-realists seem to think that they cannot make a film unless they have a man in old clothes in front of the camera. That is not right. We have not even scratched the surface of Italian life. Who was it—Zavattini?—who said that the film-maker must not try to influence reality by telling a story, that his job is simply to record what passes in front of the camera? Well, no film was ever made that way. Not even by Zavattini.

—Then it is only fair to say that you are optimistic about the future of the Italian film?

—Yes. Neo-realism was only a beginning.

—You feel no uncertainty about the direction of your own work?

—No, not basically. One always has doubts, of course.

—How do the subjects of your films compare with those of the neo-realists, say?

—Well, so far, my films have been mostly autobiographical. They've been based on childhood experiences that made a profound impression on me. When I was twelve, I worked with a traveling circus. I remembered incidents, fragments, and these became *La Strada*. My films are my life. I had no "schools" in mind, no theories when I first began to work.

—Then you would say that essentially you begin with a story that has made some impression on you and work out your images and techniques from there?

—Yes, I would say so.

—You and Giulietta recently returned from a trip to America to receive an Oscar for *La Strada*. Were you able to form any impression?

—No, not really. We were there only eighteen days. Everything was rushed. We saw many people in the film world, in television, and I found them much the same as film and television people everywhere. But I cannot say that I formed any impressions.

—Were you given any offers to work in America?

—Oh yes, many. But I do not think I will go. What would I do? Tell the story of a poor Italian in New York? One who tries to make a life for himself in the new country? I have seen some of these Italians in New York and it seems to me that their conflict is not a real one. Either the Italian immigrant is insulated from American life. He has not learned English. He still wears suits from twenty years ago. He lives in America but he does not understand it. He is like a pale ghost from the past. He is like a stone in a vast lake, lost. There is no drama in him. Or else the Italian-American has become completely assimilated and what problems he has are American problems. The only kind of film I could make is a child's film, primitive impressions, how one discovers a new country, simply, freshly, like a child sees the world. And that would not be very fruitful. What would I do afterwards? Here in Italy I have a clear idea of what I want to do.

—You began your work in films as a script-writer for Rossellini. Do you think that Rossellini has used himself up?

—No. I think we have a right to expect important work from Rossellini. If you look at his work you will see that he has never allowed himself to be trapped by a formula. He is always searching, always growing. Now he is in India, using non-professional actors. It is a new country for him, a new situation. He has always responded well to that. And he is without Ingrid. You must forgive me, but I do not think that Ingrid was good for him. I don't mean the image of the woman on the screen, the woman of publicity. In real life, Ingrid is a sweet, domestic woman. But Rossellini has a strong, passionate temperament. I do not think Ingrid was good for him. India may be. We must wait and see.

—*La Strada*, as you know, has achieved a remarkable world-wide reputation. It has won over fifty awards in at least nine different countries. Like Chaplin's Tramp,

(Continued on page 21)

## DOCUMENTARY REASSESSED

## I. THIS DOCUMENTARY BUSINESS

IN THE FIELD OF PUTTING IDEAS ON FILM, WORSHIP OF THE WORD "DOCUMENTARY" NEEDS TO BE REASSESSED. IT IS A HOPELESS CORRUPTION OF A TERM THAT HAS COME TO BE IDENTIFIED WITH "PAMPHLET FILMS" AND DULL NARRATIVES.

It was Eisenstein who began it. Back in the early 1920's when the Soviet Union was cut off from supplies of film material and manufactured none of her own, Eisenstein learned from D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance* and Esther Shub's re-editing of old bourgeois films into entertainment acceptable to the new Bolshevism. His roots were in the theater, but he was also a skilled and witty cartoonist with a strong interest in the new psychological studies of Freud.

Eisenstein found that this medium for visualizing particular stories and anecdotes was also capable of generalizing in ideas. An idea could replace the hero and a conflict of ideas could bring to the screen heroism and villainy on a scale never yet attempted in the story film. The first four reels of *October* (known in the West as *Ten Days that Shook the World* and cut to ribbons by impatient Western distributors) form the best memorial to his innovation when screened in their original state.

But before this, fired by the impact of Eisenstein's earlier film, *The Armoured Cruiser Potemkin*, Grierson began his school of the factual film and invented the word *documentary*: defining its meaning as *the creative interpretation of reality*. In fact to the present day singularly few films do indeed measure up to the standard of imaginative truth implied by this definition of the word *documentary*. *Documentary* as defined in the Concise Oxford dictionary means "*furnishing evidence*", "*illustrating human nature*." Yet *documentary* has come to include slippery propaganda ("oh so beautifully photographed"), either "all pleased up with happiness" or dutifully soured by angry men—no boredom is more deadly. A term that involves standards of quality is bound to run the risk of being misused. The creative element in a film is a matter of opinion, and steadily the meaning of the word *documentary* has been broadened indiscriminately until it has now become a label for any "live-action" non-fictional film. And incidentally it has become a synonym for non-popular entertainment, "box-office poison."

The film-business world knows so little about the art

THOROLD DICKINSON, THE DIRECTOR OF *GASLIGHT*, *THE QUEEN OF SPADES* AND SEVERAL OTHER NOTABLE FILMS, IS AT THE PRESENT TIME THE CHIEF OF UNITED NATIONS FILM SERVICES.

of cinema that the only way in which it can cope with this rich, wide field is to force its products arbitrarily into pigeonholes. I remember twenty-five years ago suggesting that an animation film could be made on a serious subject or as a moving diagram. The business men told me I was mad: the only purpose of a cartoon film was to be funny.

Fifteen years ago, I made for the British War Office a military training film that turned out to be a tragic spy story.\* Later the Ministry of Information released it for public exhibition. The film trade press was flummoxed: there was no pigeonhole for the film. Here was a realistic picture in which the leading character entered the film forty minutes after the beginning and did not appear in the climax at all. So the trade papers warned exhibitors, describing the film as a *semi-documentary*, a pigeonhole that contained a weird assortment of films. The film is still running in 1957.

I find this forcing of films into categories ludicrous. I believe it academic to argue, for example, that *On the Bowery* is a documentary and I do not agree with the British Film Academy's endorsing this opinion of the film trade. *On the Bowery* is a realistic film, an anecdote with plenty of time to study its background. Many a background is far more cinematic than the foreground story that is worked into it. Film-makers who have the courage to take a background and distill from its typical components authentic dramatic situations deserve all the encouragement they can get. But that means practical support at the box-office—the positive *assistance* (as the French say) of the audience.

To me, then, live-action cinema is not a continuum having fiction and documentary as its opposite poles. Instead, I see at one end the cinema's well-known ability to particularize, to "tell" a particular story or anecdote clearly, pungently, and concisely, with joy to the eye and the oblique wit of comment (rather than information) to the ear. Herein lies its separateness from theater and television. Cinema is still the most visual of the dramatic media: in true cinema, sound is for comment and allusion, not for sustaining the story.

At the other end of this continuum stands the great but untapped potential of film to generalize—to explore theories and to dramatize ideas. When one reassesses the scope of cinema from this point of view, individual films begin to stand out from the crowd by reason of their quality (to the individual spectator) irrespective of their kind. A new generation may someday arise, unaware that a film which creatively interprets reality could ever have been shunned as being incapable of popularity. A good film of any kind would then be regarded as a good film.

Ironically, television (to which more and more people are listening every day, as a man from steam radio loves to assert) has helped to congeal the term *documentary* yet more firmly in the genre of the illustrated lecture. It has accepted the challenge to generalize more wholeheartedly than the cinema, but it insists—partly from economic pressure—that sound carry the burden and the image act as a graphic comment.

\* *The Next of Kin*, 1941.

Too many so-called film-makers have been content to do the same thing, to treat the image as the kept woman of the sound track. Cinema will never beat television merely with big, wide screens: cinema will only hold its own when it reveals the magic enchantment of the imagination through sight, with sound in support.

Let us, then, forget about *documentary*, which after all is a definition based on opinion, not on fact. Let us rather work to make and to keep cinema infinitely flexible within its own special range. To develop the expression of ideas on the screen, I believe we must start our study with Eisenstein. He pointed out the classic difference between the two ends of the continuum, the particular and the general. For the popular, particular, story-telling cinema, the camera shot, known as the "close-up" was invented to bring nearer an object which could not be studied from the normal viewpoint embracing the full height of the human figure. Griffith

and others transformed the close-up from a utility into a dramatic device for emphasis, and the appropriate junction (or cut) between a distant and a close view became a moment of emphasis. But to Eisenstein the close-up had no geographical significance: rather it was a *detail*, the image of a part that symbolizes more than the whole object, that symbolizes the whole idea that the object simply represents.

Film is a healthy medium: in cinema, pretentiousness stands out a mile. If, for example, the purpose of a film is to instruct, let it go on with its job quickly and without digressions. The real tests of a film are: what is it about? for what audience is it intended? and who made it? You don't have to be told which pigeonhole the convention found for it. Let it create its own resting-place. Pigeonholes are for objects when they are not in use. When a film is not in use, it is dead, and no amount of analysis and assessment will bring it back to life.



From L. S. Lowry

## II. THE FILM ON ART AS DOCUMENTARY

JOHN READ

I have never really liked the term "art film" because it implied some special kind of film-making divorced from the everyday business of putting ideas across on celluloid. I don't think this is the case at all. I quote John Grierson's time-honored maxim: "Documentary is the creative interpretation of actuality." To me art is in no way less a part of the sum total of actuality than anything else. It is a human activity undertaken by a member of the community who happens to be an artist, and one makes films about art and artists for the same reasons that one makes films about ships and shipbuilders or savage tribes in remote parts of the world. In the past, documentary has dealt mostly with social problems and economic facts. It has not dealt with man's imaginative approach to life. It is perhaps the failure of documentary films to come to grips with human beings as individuals who have ideas and sensibilities that has led to the recent deterioration in much of the documentary output. Robert Flaherty was one of the great exceptions to this trend. I would say that the film about art belongs to a category of film-making that you might classify as "documentary of ideas," particularly if you remember that behind an idea there is always a person.

The maker of a film on art is as much concerned with

the basic grammar of film-making as anyone else who makes films. He must make his film have a shape and a purpose. It must communicate through the medium of the cinema or television to whatever audience is to see it. Like other kinds of film, the film on art should observe two principles: the first is to be truthful and respectful to its subject, and the second is to get the audience to see inside this subject for themselves. The act of viewing should be an act of sharing or participation.

By "audience" I mean the general interested public. Film and television are both media of mass communication and exposition. However, the techniques of these media impose definite limits. If you forget the audience and if you forget these limits, the lines of communication break down and the whole thing becomes an extravagant waste of time and money.

Some art films, I believe, prove to be entirely meaningless to most people either because of a failure of technique or because they do not explain what they are about and assume that enough is done by simply displaying works of art on a screen and covering them in diagrams. In such cases the money might be better spent on circulating an exhibition or publishing a book. Film and television should in some way supplement exhibitions and books, and should stimulate public interest in them. I make art films because I think they can

JOHN READ IS THE DIRECTOR OF "BRITISH ART AND ARTISTS" SERIES PRODUCED BY THE BBC TELEVISION SERVICE, LONDON.

encourage an enjoyment and appreciation of art amongst millions of people who would otherwise remain completely unaware of the existence of art. In an age which we call the Century of the Common Man and in which the artist's societal status is changing, I think that the spreading of appreciation of art amongst the general population is a matter of vital relevance to the very existence of the arts. The general public must be exposed to the experience of art—on television and in the darkened theater—if art, as we know it, is to survive and flourish.

There is another type of art film which I personally dislike. It is the film which exploits art purely for its own filmic purpose. It may be that it seeks to achieve effects which have little to do with the spirit of the work it uses. It may be a film which expresses ideas in such a way that the art shown seems to lend authority to them when in fact they may not deserve such authority. Film and television as techniques have a tremendous air of authority about them. Every advertiser knows this. The audience is in a weak position for discriminating between fact and opinion, and this makes the whole matter of truth and objectivity a concern of the greatest importance. This may be why I prefer making films about individual artists. I like to collaborate with a living artist so that he can help me directly to put into the film the ideas that he feels to be truly pertinent to his work. I want to record the business of art in the making. I have on occasion made an artist his own commentator, and I find on looking back that my art documentaries have tended to become more and more biographical, or even autobiographical, in technique. And this might have something to do with the success of personality in the television medium.

I therefore tend to sympathize with the artist when he complains about critics. The critics so often seem to get hold of the wrong end of the stick because they do not try to start from the artist's own set of values. Of course the artist may not be the best judge of his own work. He may have quite wrong-headed ideas about what he does; his values may be deluded, and he may be just no good at explaining himself. There are all kinds of difficulties and limitations of which I am well aware, but I will stand by this statement: the film on art should be about art and artists and not about that film's director or writer.

I have been thinking in retrospect. I don't wish to imply that films cannot be made about the history of art or that one cannot successfully put across on television a series of programs dealing with critical ideas or designed to open people's eyes to the appreciation of art. I am only concerned that such films and such programs should be as true and objective as possible and that they should utilize the techniques of film and television to their fullest advantage.

When I speak of film and television as mass media, I wish to avoid any misunderstanding. Compared with the circulation of a book or the attendance at an art exhibition, they are indeed mass media, reaching audiences of millions rather than thousands. But the film

or television program on art is, within the limits of the audience for these media, a severely minority interest. It has no box-office appeal. Preoccupation with popular appeal is the quickest way to total disaster when dealing with the arts, if popular appeal is thought to mean pleasing everybody all the time or even pleasing the majority all the time. To my mind the biggest problem of all facing anyone working in this interesting field is the problem of finding ways and means of getting films on art produced and financed on a proper business-like and professional basis. This problem is closely tied up with finding ways and means of building up an effective and comprehensive network of distribution so that such films can be seen where they are wanted and reach an audience big enough to make them financially self-supporting. This is a difficulty that faces all workers in documentary and specialized films everywhere, whether they are in the film or television industries. Distribution centers are not enough. Lip-service to the fine ideals of documentary films is not enough. Unless there is substantial financial support for these films, there will soon be nothing left to which lip-service can be paid.

#### FILMOGRAPHY OF JOHN READ

*Henry Moore* (1951).

*Artists Must Live* (1953)—a film exploring the relationship between the artist and his patrons.

*Graham Sutherland* (1953).

*Walter Sickert* (1954).

*Black on White* (1954)—a black-and-white work of famous British cartoonists and caricaturists.

*John Piper* (1954).

*The Wallace Collection* (1955)—an attempt to give the general television viewer some idea of the pleasures he might find in walking through Hertford Gallery.

*Discovery of a Landscape* (1955)—deals with the influence of the English Lake District on British writers, poets, and painters.

*The English Country Church* (1955)—an anthology of the beauty of British country churches.

*Stanley Spencer: Parts I and II* (1956).

*L. S. Lowry* (1957).

All films were made for the "British Art and Artists" series, produced by the BBC Television Service in association with the Educational Television and Radio Center of the United States and directed by John Read. They are in black-and-white and were originally shot on 35 mm. stock for transmission on the BBC regular evening programs. Many of them have received awards at international festivals. They are distributed on 16 mm. to specialized audiences in Britain through the agency of the British Film Institute and the Arts Council, and are now available in the United States through the Educational Television and Radio Center, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Other articles dealing with the documentary film have appeared in the past issues of *FILM CULTURE* (the back issues, in which these articles appear, are still available):

"Towards a Theory of Dynamic Realism", Edouard Laurot; Vol. 1, No. 1.

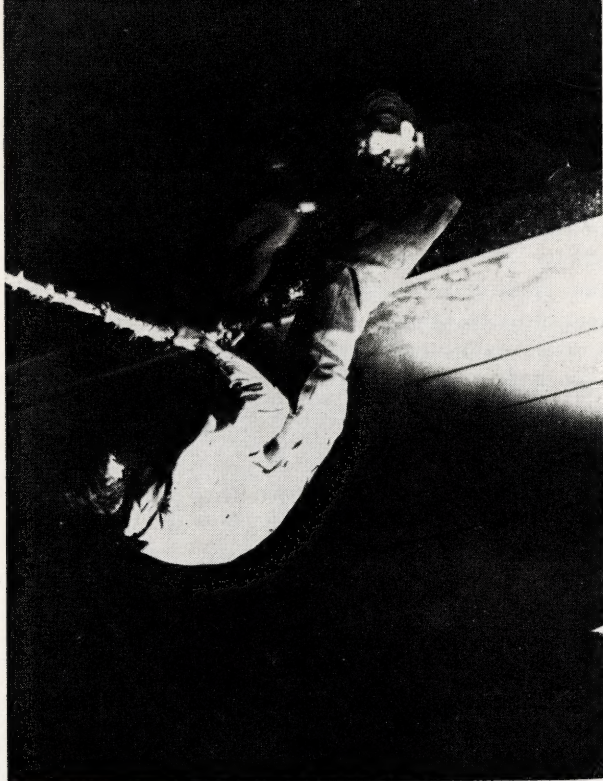
"The Found Story and the Episode", Dr. Siegfried Kracauer; Vol. 2, No. 1.

"Borinage—a Documentary Experience", Joris Ivens; Vol. 2, No. 1.

"The American Documentary—Limitations and Possibilities", an interview with Willard Van Dyke by Jonas Mekas and Edouard Laurot; Vol. 2, No. 3.

"Making a Documentary", Jerome Hill; Vol. 3, No. 2.

"Limits of Neo-realism", Amos Vogel; Vol. 3, No. 2.



## CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

EDOUARD LAUROT

1 and 2: *The Man Escaped*; 3: *Det sjunde inseglet*; 4: *Kanal*.



June 3—The projection of films in the regular competition begins with an intensively publicized French feature, Jules Dassin's *Celui qui doit mourir* (*He Who Must Die*). It is adapted by Dassin and Ben Barzman from the Greek novel by Nikos Kazantzakis and has a score by Auric. Rich in means and actors, opulent in its realization, this ambitious film has been made in reply to the question: what would be Christ's fate were He to return upon this earth?—a question already posed an infinite number of times in literature and in the theater, and as many times answered more subtly and deeply than in Kazantzakis' novel which replies that, should the Son of God come back among us, He would again be crucified.

It is, one feels, the essential naiveté of this grandiloquent book which is responsible for the fundamental errors of structure and execution in the film, and which defeats most of Dassin's talented and sincere efforts. Kazantzakis has assumed that the majesty of his theme gives eternal significance to this simple passion play, which he has arbitrarily set in a forsaken Greek village of 1921 under the Turkish occupation. On the occasion of the village's annual religious observance, the roles of Christ, His Apostles and Betrayer are allotted—in one of the most effective scenes of the film—to a few of the peasants, whose identification with their parts (foreseeably) increases as in real life they are called to engagement and self-sacrifice. But the grandeur of the subject demands for its portrayal the stature of an artist who, like Milton or Dostoevski, is able to reinterpret such a venerable theme in the light of the problems and knowledge of his own epoch. The failures of this film were sadly predictable from the intellectual immaturity and crudity of the book. The film suffers from the novel's orotund style and vain posturings. The characters are hollow rather than eternal, as man-symbols gain ascendancy over man. Passion Revisited, but Dassin, in an admirably sincere effort at audacious emphasis, attempts to infuse life into the film by confronting two other themes: the conflict between the Moslem and Christian worlds, and the coming to consciousness of a group of men in their fight against the established order. However, he succeeds only in ameliorating a story whose conceptual flaws dominate his cinematic talent.

The following day . . . a Yugoslavian film, *Dolina miru* (*The Valley of Peace*), directed by France Stiglic. Two children, orphaned by the war, set out with a Negro soldier (John Kitzmiller) in search of the proverbial valley of Peace. They wander through the richly textured countryside and finally come to the end of their quest, only to find that the fabled plain is a battlefield, on which they are engaged in the very conflict they have sought to flee.

Argentina contributes a film of sincere protest, produced shortly after the fall of the Peron regime: *La Casa del Angel*, adapted by the young director Leopold Torre Nilsson from the first novel of Beatriz Guido. The film, lasting only seventy-five minutes, describes the crisis provoked in the life of a young idealistic liberal when he is faced with the revelation of a financial swindle which has enriched his party and his family. But the film's *problématique* is not limited to political corruption. The growth of awareness in the protagonist—who realizes not only that he has been serving false ideals and living in bad faith, but that he is incapable of surpassing his *condition*—serves as an indictment of the whole of his society, the ethos of his, the ruling class, the heritage of his religion. Despite a certain conscious aestheticism in camera composition and lighting, reminiscent of Bardem, the film is one of remarkable boldness. Torre Nilsson has introduced us to the beginnings of a mature Argentinian cinema engaged in the issues of its society.

The film which announced itself as the major production of the day, *Semia* (*The Earth*), lacks the qualities of the Argentinian film. This Bulgarian feature film, created by the director of *Nessebar*, Zahari Jandov, describes with sustained gloom the blind curse of acquisitiveness which possesses a farmer. He abandons his fiancée to marry a wealthy woman so that he may buy more land, then alienates his wife, turns to drink, and finally kills his brother who refuses to cede a plot of land. Free of programmatic preconception, the drama evolves tortuously from within the peasant characters and is marked by

periods of murky, slowed action reflecting the dull anguish of the protagonist.

A film whose dark rural atmosphere reminds one of *Semia* is the first Lebanese production to be shown at Cannes, *Ilya Ayn* (*Towards the Unknown*), directed by George Nasser. The film conveys a stoic message, showing the futility of abandoning the impoverished farmland in search of wealth. Although the story is not an original one, the sincerity of its intent is evident through the ponderously detailed sufferings of a peasant family.

One of the more successful films shown at the Festival was the Soviet production *Sorok Pervyi* (*The Forty-First*), directed by Grigori Tchoukhari. The film portrays the conflict within a revolutionary girl who falls in love with her prisoner, a White Russian officer. The suffering of the Red Army detachment, struggling across the desert towards the Caspian Sea, is pictured in the pastels of Sovcolor with somewhat mannered, leisurely dissolves which merge the characters with the savage, desolate landscape. But this epic passage is only a prelude to the romantic story of the lovers stranded on a desert island, where their isolation at first frees them from political consciousness and then—after an ideological debate before the sunlit sea—intensifies it. But the estrangement of the intellectual aristocrat and the peasant revolutionary passes as though it had been provoked by no more than a lover's quarrel, and uneasy union is reestablished. Yet, at the end, the girl is suddenly seized by a devotion to duty which makes her betray her lover but, in the next moment, she denies her political beliefs and repents of her act. The author fails to extricate himself from the impasse which the situation—not only a conflict but a contradiction between the girl's love and her beliefs—creates, and the film ends ambiguously.

The story is made cinematically effective by the lyrical sensitivity with which Tchoukhari uses color and by his control of the medium. The praise of the critics is merited although the production lacks the maturity and acerbity of *The Grasshopper* or *The Big Family*. Nevertheless, *The Forty-First* is in the tradition of these excellent films.

A film whose aim was directly opposed to that of the heroic Russian production is *Kanal*, the major Polish contribution to the Festival. The young director Andrzej Wajda has attempted to show the futility and degradation of war, portraying the partisans of the Warsaw uprising who were driven into the sewers of the city by the German forces to die a useless death. Yet Wajda's purpose seems to be in conflict with his spirit. He cannot resist giving nobility to some of the condemned, and dramatic impact to some of the scenes. Yet, because of his determination to make an anti-heroic film, he fails to exploit the drama and the rich situations offered by the ruses and cunning of city fighting. The ambiguity of the film, whose style is opposed to its theme, forces him into an approach which has been characteristic of Polish films—his ideas are declaimed rather than acted out. The performers, like most Polish actors, recruited from a still classical theater and without training in cinema, enhance this impression of verbosity with their highly stylized, even pompous acting. Nonetheless, Wajda has created an effective film, notable for certain baroque, almost surrealist moments and skillful camera work.

A refreshing, delicately made film is contributed by Italy, Alberto Lattuada's *Guendalina*, which introduces the striking and talented young French actress Jacqueline Sassard. The story, slight but subtle, is reminiscent of the insubstantial world of Françoise Sagan. It describes the first love of a capricious fifteen-year-old girl from the Milanese *haute-bourgeoisie* for a young man attached to a band like that which Fellini described in *Vitelloni*. Despite the triviality of the subject, the film—which is like a refined and sensitively executed miniature—is more mature and on a higher artistic plane than other films at the Festival which paint grandiose themes with somber colors and bold strokes.

The Japanese production *Kome* (*Men of the Rice Fields*), by Tadashi Imai, is also of high artistic quality, shot in lavish color and rich in forms and texture. But it is not merely a successor in technique to the earlier Japanese films it resem-

bles. Imai has made an obvious attempt to employ a new formula: that of combining, in this peasant tragedy, documentary with the drama. The marriage is not a happy one. As in many of the films shown at the Festival, the major flaw could have been predicted: it is never clear whether the characters are subjects or objects.

Another film relying heavily upon the images of landscape is the Danish *Quivitoq*, produced in Greenland by Erik Balling. The title is the word for the ghosts of exiles which haunt the wilderness, and its subject is the fatal attraction of these wastelands of icebergs. But the film is not merely another vehicle for the Northern myth which has frequently appeared as a theme in Scandinavian literature. It depicts the desire to push towards and even beyond the isolation and fear of death which oppress man, showing that flight from society is not an escape from the *condition humaine*. The film, featuring both European actors and Greenlanders, is strongest when it leaves the somewhat trivial personal story of the Europeans and deals with man's relation to the wilderness in striking, documentary-like shots of endless expanses of water broken only by savage and majestic icebergs.

A film which uses the Northern landscape as effectively as *Quivitoq*, but more subtly, is the Finnish contribution *Elokuu* (*Harvest Time*), the fifteenth film of Matti Kassila. The story is taken from a novel of F. E. Sillanpää, whose rich prose has often been exploited by the Finnish theater and cinema, not always with success. Its subject is essentially novelistic: the slow degeneration of an alcoholic whose tragic weakness enmeshes him in debts. Kassila has attempted to overcome the poverty of dramatic incident in the material by translating the poetic language of Sillanpää into the evocative images of landscape with which we have become familiar in Scandinavian films. And, despite the essential monotony of the situation, he has been able to create, in the photography of the rolling forests and lonely lakes of central Finland, a few scenes notable for their sure technique and sensitivity.

Great Britain submits a film of special effects, rent with explosions and the flames of naval gunfire which overwhelm the silhouetted characters, staunch British and burlesqued enemies. *Yangtse Incident*, it is announced, presents us with "the official English version" of the attempt of the battleship *Amethyst* to navigate the Yangtse in 1949. By a happy coincidence, a cruiser of the Royal Navy docks at Cannes at the time of the screening and the theatre is filled with British tars whose enthusiasm for the film and its message is shared by few of the civilian viewers.

The frivolous "American-in-Paris" air of Stanley Donen's lavish *Funny Face* (despite some interesting experiments with color) fails to disguise from the Cannes audience its caricature of a major French philosopher who, surrounded in a Left Bank cave by bearded disciples (reminiscent of Greenwich Village), attempts to corrupt the innocent American (Audrey Hepburn)—but is thwarted by her arrogantly anti-intellectual compatriots. The film is received by the critics and film-makers with whistles.

One of the few films which rises above the level of mere technical competence to touch the edge of truth is Fellini's *Le notti di Cabiria* (*The Nights of Cabiria*). Although none of his previous films has had a tighter dramatic structure, the adventures of the drab, sentimental prostitute Cabiria (Giulietta Masina) are more consciously episodic. But this arises from the nature of Cabiria herself. In her childlike exultation, past deceptions hold no meaning; she is certain that the moment to come will lift her out of her sordid existence and justify her confidence in humanity. One night, a wealthy film actor adopts her inadvertently and carries her into a world beyond her aspirations. In some of the most penetrating scenes in the film, she attempts desperately to be seen by the other prostitutes, to obtain a "certificate" of the event, in a vain effort to give permanence to her dream.

Cabiria is a character less intimate and less universal than Gelsomina but through her story Fellini is able to comment on a greater range of society, although his themes are not essentially different from those of *La Strada*. Despite its recog-

nizable substance and texture and the recurrence of images drawn from Fellini's familiar inventory (such as a religious procession and a scene at once sanctimonious and sacrilegious in which a priest and his Faithful await a miracle), the film retains a freshness and an ability to surprise us. The director's perception and art are such that even those familiar with his spirit are drawn into his ruses and absorbed by the realism, both sentimental and bitter, of his work.

The Czechoslovakian film *The Lost Children* shows an encouraging certainty of technique and originality of conception. Though its characters are three Austrian combatants of the Seven Years' War, the war as such has been subordinated to its effects upon men. The story begins *after* a battle and most of it is played against a bucolic background, freeing itself from the conventionality of its plot through images of a poetic rather than a dramatic continuity. Yet the high degree of stylization and artistic nicety has made the characters distant and cold—aesthetically, rather than emotionally, convincing.

Another historical drama free of the picaresque is the second Soviet production *Don Quixote*, directed by G. Kozintsev and filmed in elaborate wide-screen color with a rather academic style. The director is not afraid to show the part of the noble dram in the making of kindness and charity but his success in this endeavor is largely the result of the stature which Nicolai Tcherkassov imparts to Quixote. In his fourth major portrayal of the Knight, Tcherkassov has brought to maturity the qualities which he showed in *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan The Terrible*.

Towards the end of the Festival a film is shown which has already had considerable success in France, Robert Bresson's *Un Condamné à mort s'est échappé* (*A Condemned Man Escapes*). Most of the action takes place within the Nazi prison from which the intelligent, deliberately impassive young protagonist (François Leterrier) is trying to escape. With laboratory precision, Bresson makes of his situation a *tour de force*. The minor characters, particularly a coarse and courageous peasant boy, are well-chosen to offset the singleness of purpose of the symbolic young Resistant struggling against what seems to be his inescapable destiny. The use of the camera in setting the mood, as unswerving as the protagonist's will, maintains the calculated suspense of the film.

Wyler's *Friendly Persuasion* is received with a tepidity that gives way to a hot wave of protest when it wins the *palme d'or*. The indignation is deepened and a shadow cast upon the Motion Picture Association of America by the withdrawal of the credit for the scenario from Michael Wilson.

A film whose quality is to a great extent unrecognized by most of the critics at the Festival is the Indian production *Gotamo Buddha*, directed by Rajbans Khanna. With the director of montage Hrishkesh Mukerji, he introduces an original technique in the documentary: that of cutting the images—composed almost entirely of sculptures and bas-relief without any living figures—to the rhythm of the Hindi and English commentary. Of necessity, the summary French translation by Georges Sadoul could not imitate the meter created by the editing nor does it blend satisfactorily with the striking thematic transitions and the often unusual use of light upon the statuary which mark the director's ability.

Tired as one is by the end of the Festival with bad, indifferent or, at least, correctly-made films, one cannot fail to react to the first image of Ingmar Bergman's *Det sjunde inseglet* (*The Seventh Seal*). A black falcon—not conventionally centered but caught in the upper part of the frame—seems forebodingly suspended, dominating the shadowy clouds which stretch beneath its wings. Its sinister silhouette establishes the tone of this Swedish film: a medieval ballad, evoking, rather than relating, its story in a poetic form, free of the constraint of dramatic action, transforming the complex script into a flow of images.

There have been some "official" interpretations of the film saying that the Black Plague is used as a symbol of the atomic bomb. But this is true only in the sense that, because the Pestilence is reduced to its metaphysical essence, it represents the force of destruction which threatens every era in a different form. Bergman is preoccupied with men facing death, not as an alternative of eternal promise or despair but as a phenomenon of which they live in dread. It is as an expression of this anguish, and not as a mere statement of agnosticism, that a knight confesses before a priest his fear that God no longer exists.

In describing the other films at the Festival, one is able to limit oneself to relating their substance with summary remarks rather than describing their plot and form in detail, but this film merits a professional analysis of its style. Bergman's situations and images are the poetic essences of his themes although they are realistically presented and believable on the level of everyday experience. These two planes are merged—as in the scene in which a woman passes, holding before her a child walking clumsily but joyously—so adroitly that, in this instance, we share the filmed observer's conviction that he has seen the Madonna and Christ; we even accept his vision as real.

Bergman has followed Gance's technique of bleached dissolves, blending his images in a way which enhances the glowering light of the North and the atmosphere of foreboding, as in the opening scene of a knight washing his face on a lonely beach as dawn rises over the fjord. Some of the frames are marred by a certain conscious rigidity of construction, especially in the disposition of human faces which is reminiscent of Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan of Arc*. This device, which seems alien to Bergman, is unnecessary and obtrusive in a film which is on the whole free of such "artisanal" flaws. But, although the work does not completely succeed, it holds a few moments of intellectual depth and cinematic richness which transcend the limitations of other arts and are enough to restore our faith in cinema.

The jury for the feature dramatic films shown at the Tenth International Film Festival at Cannes consisted of Dolores Del Rio (Mexico), Michael Powell (Great Britain), George Stevens (U.S.A.), Vladimir Vleck (Czechoslovakia), Jean Cocteau, Maurice Genevois, Marcel Pagnol, Jules Romains, Georges Huismans, Maurice Lehmann (France). André Maurois presided over the jury.

The winners:

Palme d'or: *Friendly Persuasion* (William Wyler, U.S.A.).

Special Award of the Jury: *Kanal* (Andrzej Wajda, Poland) and *Det sjunde inseglet* (Ingmar Bergman, Sweden).

Special Award for the Script: *Sorok Pervyi* (Grigori Tchoukhari, Soviet Union).

Best director: Robert Bresson (for *Un condamné à mort s'est échappé*).

Best actress: Giulietta Masina (for *Le notti di Cabiria*), with a special homage to the director, Federico Fellini.

Best actor: John Kitzmiller (for *Dolina miru*, Yugoslavia).

Best documentary story film: *Shiroi Sanmyaku* (Sadao Imamura, Japan); *Quivitog* (Erik Balling, Denmark); and a special mention to *Gotamo Buddha* (India).

The jury for the short subjects consisted of Claude Aveline, Albert Lamorisse, Jean Vivier (France); Alberto Lattuada (Italy); Vladimir Dolovnia (Soviet Union).

The winners:

Palme d'ore: *A Short History of Man* (Jon Popesco, Rumania), an animated film.

Best documentary: *City of Gold* (Colin Low and Wolf Koenig, Canada).

Best nature film: *Wiesensommer* (Heinz Sielman, East Germany) and a special mention to *Ociotniki yuinich morey* (S. Kogan, Soviet Union).



## LOTTE H. EISNER: STYLE OF RENÉ CLÉMENT • PART II

Clément's way with object symbols tends to be less intense and less serious than Clouzot's, who learned film making in Germany. In a later scene in *Les Maudits*, a knife is whirled around on a table and points to the petty traitor, the French collaborationist whom the boy will kill. But Clément can also be discreet. We do not see the murder itself; the camera directs our attention to the heavy descent of a curtain which the victim grips in his fall. Although Clément favors tension and violence, his oblique approach to it accounts for some of his finest accomplishments. The famous and already classic sequence of the rail workers' execution in *La Bataille du Rail* was shown as a fitting close to the program. In this sequence, the men are lined up against a wall and shot one by one, but the actual executions are not shown. Clément instead centers the successive impact of each death in the reactions of the last man in the row. We watch him as he contemplates a spider in its net on the wall, and as his gaze (and ours) wanders to the smoke of a chimney fading into a clear sky, the sound of a shot tells us that he too has been killed. Again, the beauty of reality and the poignancy of a tragic situation are joined, and held by the striking sound of engine sirens.

There is not much to be said for *Château de Verre* (1950), Vicki Baum's slick best-seller. For Clément, it served, perhaps, as an exercise in surmounting trivia and as a preparation for one of his most engrossing attempts, *Monsieur Ripois*.

From his ripest film, *Jeux Interdits*, Clément selected the scenes of the little girl's first night with the peasant family. She has been put to bed in the dim attic, while on the lower floor, in the chiaroscuro that Clément delights in, the peasants sleep heavily and the dying elder son watches a moth throw bat-like shadows on the wall until it is singed in the flame of the lamp. And then the silence is broken by the little girl, screaming in a nightmare of death and destruction. . . .

*Monsieur Ripois* (exhibited in the United States as *Lovers, Happy Lovers*) was represented by the episode in the office where Gerard Philipe is seen stamping form after form like an automaton and later, wandering through the London traffic, alert and lonely, ever on the lookout for an easy prey. This is a much discussed film. The jury in Cannes was rather taken aback by its complexity and ended by underrating its significance. But when the public showing was enthusiastically received, the jury lamely surrendered and improvised a new "special" prize for it. That Clément's films win prizes at Cannes and Venice—and Oscars as well—is

understandable; that this curious film provokes misgivings everywhere is natural, too, in view of several seeming incongruities. What did Clément intend to portray in his main character? A modern Don Juan, or a sort of Laclos Valmont, the libertine of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*; or worse, a Rastignac type, as seen by Balzac? If so, why the presence of a romantic actor like Gerard Philipe, a natural Julien Sorel? Or is it wrong to search so far afield for examples, as most of the French film critics have done? Perhaps what Clément wants us to see in Ripois is simply the shabby libertine at large without a bank account, whose chances for success in our uncertain world of superbombs and financial crashes are no longer possible. The novel from which the film is taken suggests this interpretation, but Clément's version is more perceptive and despairing. If there ever was a director capable of bringing *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* to the screen, it is the incisive Clément, whose treatment of the story would certainly be as radical as Bresson's handling of the modernized Diderot theme in *Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne*. And on the subject of adaptations, fancy what Clément could do with *The Turn of the Screw*! His work with the two children of *Jeux Interdits* suggests infinite possibilities for the *jeux maudits* of the James children and their beloved diabolical phantoms. . . .

Nothing from *Gervaise* was shown, perhaps for official reasons. Although Clément alluded only slightly to production antagonisms, the feeling persists that he is not altogether happy with Maria Schell as Zola's heroine. This cold, rather sullen actress, who is at present enjoying a vogue, may have been well cast as the resolute medic in Käutner's *The Last Bridge*. But she is far from Zola's vivid Parisian laundress, and it is not only her German accent that stands in the way. Clément had her voice dubbed by a French actress, although Maria Schell's contract forbade it. But the producers objected this time because they would have lost the benefit of co-production and the subsequent financial returns. The upshot was that the film was shown sequence by sequence in two versions, one with the Schell voice, the other dubbed, to a jury of forty. The jury split evenly, twenty for one, twenty for the other. The film was released with Maria Schell's original voice and it was a great success at last year's Venice Film Festival, winning her a "Volpi." I had no opportunity to discuss this matter with Clément, but he is too perceptive a director not to smile at the chance of mere circumstances.

LOTTE H. EISNER, OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT AND THE AUTHOR OF "DAEMONISCHE LEINWAND", CONTINUES HER DISCUSSION BASED ON CLÉMENT'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE AT THE SORBONNE.

René Clément was born March 18, 1913 in Bordeaux, studied Fine Arts, did some amateur film work, then documentaries. He was Technical Advisor for *Le Père Tranquille* by Noël Noël and for *La Belle et la Bête* by Cocteau. Then the documentary *Ceux des Rails*; *La Bataille du Rail* (1945); *Les Maudits* (1945); *Au-delà des Grilles* (1948); *Le Château de Verre* (1950); *Jeux Interdits* (1952); *Monsieur Ripois* (1954); *Gervaise* (1956).



Eva Marie Saint

## A HATFUL OF RAIN



Directed by Fred Zinnemann; produced by Buddy Adler for Twentieth Century-Fox. Screenplay by Michael Vincente Gazzo and Alfred Hayes, based on a play by Mr. Gazzo; music, Bernard Herrmann; photography, Joe MacDonald; editor, Dorothy Spencer. In the cast: Eva Marie Saint, Don Murray, Anthony Franciosa, Lloyd Nolan, Henry Silva, Gerald O'Loughlin, William Hickey.

In words and in action Fred Zinnemann has done much to deny his predominantly realistic artistic character. After developing it firmly with *The Search*, *The Men*, *Teresa*, *Benji*, and somewhat less firmly with *From Here to Eternity*, he has tried to escape it in films such as *High Noon* and *Oklahoma*. "They have stamped me as a realistic director," complained Zinnemann in an open interview last winter at Cinema 16, hardly hiding his dislike for the label.

Nevertheless, as we see in *A Hatful of Rain*, the return to realism—the approach which Zinnemann as an artist seems most familiar with—helps his artistic expression. In *A Hatful of Rain*, working with the handicaps of a large company and a large screen (Cinemascope), he has succeeded in creating perhaps a less cinematic film than, let us say, *High Noon*, yet a more absorbing and more human contemporary drama than anything that we have seen for a long time from Twentieth Century-Fox.

The story is a very simple one. A young man, a Korean veteran who had inadvertently become a dope addict in the army, continues in the habit hopelessly after his discharge with the aid of his brother's money, hiding his addiction from his wife and his father. His disorderly and sick life, covered with a web of lies and silences, begins to affect his marital life, and finally he is driven to confess to his wife and his father so that they can fight the sickness—for better or worse—together. Though the plot is not without the clichés of the previous "addiction" dramas, it is certainly less sentimental than *Man With the Golden Arm* and *Monkey on My Back*. We witness the drama growing and developing slowly in Lower East Side tenements, in the streets, under the bridges and in the playgrounds; there is not much variety in Zinnemann's outdoor settings,

but they provide a recognizable unity of place and help to keep the story together. There is no doubt that the large screen has minimized the emotional impact of some indoor scenes. The intimacy, which is Zinnemann's strength, was often dissipated over the excessive space. On the other hand, this same screen breadth helped to avoid over-emotionalism. The film also benefited greatly from the authenticity of Eva Marie Saint's controlled performance—her angelic, fragile beauty—and the quixotic charm of Anthony Franciosa. His strange combination of humor and vitality indicates an actor of great expectations. The scene of Franciosa returning home drunk is a little masterpiece of acting—of constantly destroying the balance of the scene and rebuilding it, thus making it pulsate with life. The opposite effect was created by Nolan's anemic presence which deadened every scene like an opaque glass.

As a debit we have to count also the tendency to caricature the three dope peddlers, though to a lesser degree than they were on the stage. Although characters like these could be found in the narcotics racket and could be accepted in proper circumstances, they strike a slight discord in the realistic style of this film.

If the film is not cinematic enough, it is a fault more of the scriptwriter than of the director. A more cinematic treatment would require more condensation in the scenario. As it is, the film is all realism and no poetry, no poetry to lift it above mere surface. The script doesn't provide much insight nor enough elements of drama: there is no consciousness, and as the conflicts never leave the juvenile plane, the characters are not interesting and not tragic enough to move us; we are never allowed to see them from the inside.

But condensation doesn't seem to suit Zinnemann's style. Zinnemann's realism, as we know it up to now, is not that of *Greed* but that of the later sound films—realism which relies on rather slow, pedestrian conversations, instead of essences. That, however, is the problem and fault of the sound film in general and not that of this particular film alone.

JONAS MEKAS

2,000  
REWARD

## THE RISING OF THE MOON

Directed by John Ford; produced by Michael Killanin. Screenplay by Frank S. Nugent; photography, Robert Krasker; editor, Michael Gordon; art director, Raymond Simm; music, Eamon O'Gallagher. Released through Warner Brothers. In three parts: *The Majesty of the Law*, based on the short story by Frank O'Connor; 1921, based on Lady Gregory's play "The Rising of the Moon"; *A Minute's Wait*, based on the comedy by Martin J. McHugh. In the cast: the players of the Abbey Theatre Company.

John Ford has declared this his best film. Though very far from being that, *The Rising of the Moon* is an important work in Ford's very uneven career.

As one would expect from the recent Ford, the film is a mixture of his familiar poetical-sentimental style at its best with passages of utmost tastelessness (for instance, Tyrone Power's introductory comments).

All three stories deal with Ireland. The landscape, people and language are molded into one nostalgic, simplistic Ireland which may not be the true Ireland (how many true Irelands there are!), yet it is still the one Ford remembers best and the one we have seen already in several of his other films. Slapstick, Abbey theatrics, country humor, a little bit of nationalism, hill-tops—a film dedicated "To the Irish people, from John Ford, with love," similar to those Marcel Pagnol makes on Provence.

J. M.

## TIMELESS TEMIAR

Directed by Md. Zain b. Hussain; produced by Malayan Film Unit (P.O. Box No. 1061, Kuala, Lumpur). Photography, C. G. Wong; editing, Wong Khye Weng; sound, V. G. Bhaskaran. With the assistance of Department of Aborigines, Malaya.

This 40-minute-long documentary, made by one of Asia's best documentary groups, shows the simple and peaceful life of a tribe. Unlike the sensational, highly overrated *Lost Continent*—which never penetrates beyond the pictorial surface and speaks about "the primitives"—*Timeless Temiar* shows us the tribe as an intelligent, mature human community.

J. G.

## A FACE IN THE CROWD



"... Kazan drove his star into perpetual frenzy to induce a 'method' portrayal."

Directed by Elia Kazan; story and screenplay by Budd Schulberg; produced by Kazan for Warner Brothers. Photography, Harry Stradling and Gayne Rescher; art directors, Richard Sylbert and Paul Sylbert; editor, Gene Milford; sound, Ernest Zatorsky; score, Tome Glazer. In the cast: Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Anthony Franciosa, Walter Matthau, Lee Remick, Percy Waram, and others.

In tracing the rise and fall of a homespun television personality turned demagogue, *A Face in the Crowd* exhibits a tough-minded approach to the problems of mass culture and the facile manipulation of public opinion. Elia Kazan and Budd Schulberg employ both hilarious satire and bitter invective to dramatize their point. An orgiastic drum majorette's contest in Arkansas ridicules the hypocritical exploitation of leg-bared adolescent girls for the nominal art of baton-twirling. The absurdity of charity telethons, television weddings, soft-sell and hard-sell advertising techniques spill over into a broader indictment of susceptible audiences. If Kazan and Schulberg had been content to make their case by implication, *A Face in the Crowd* might have been a completely sophisticated piece of movie-making. Instead, every idea is completely spelled out and the film degenerates into preposterous liberal propaganda.

Kazan and Schulberg start off by creating authentic roots for their central character, a hillbilly singer and folksy philosopher called "Lonesome Rhodes." The flyswatting indolence of a small town in Arkansas and the country music hysteria of Memphis is palpably real. When the action shifts to the well-upholstered advertising agencies and penthouses of New York, Lonesome Rhodes is transformed into a malignant caricature; his shows become incredibly offensive and lecherous even for television, and, as a consequence, his audiences are implicitly greater idiots than ever. It is then possible for Kazan and Schulberg to present a fantastic political conspiracy.

Lonesome Rhodes attracts a reactionary cabal, whose members speak of rule by the elite, publicly oppose Social Security, and make out-dated attacks on our Allies. Rhodes offers to combine his high Trendex rating

with the unattractive personality of a Presidential aspirant in return for an appointment as the first Secretary of Public Morale.

The improbability of this situation weakens the arguments of the film. Kazan and Schulberg are attacking straw men. The trend in American politics is not towards a sugar-coating of unpalatable issues, but towards a blurring of all issues. The television medium has become the refuge not of vulgar paranoiacs, but of mediocre opportunists. Television ultimately destroyed Joe McCarthy, just as it may eventually advance Richard Nixon to the Presidency.

Andy Griffith's characterization of Lonesome Rhodes makes a powerful impact at first, but one soon wearies of its unmodulated loudness and intensity. Griffith, who achieved fame as the soft-spoken comic nuisance in *No Time for Sergeants* has been obviously over-directed. According to press-releases, Kazan drove his star into a perpetual frenzy to induce a "method" portrayal. As compensation, Kazan has drawn a finely graded performance from Patricia Neal as the intelligent innocent who discovers Lonesome Rhodes in a country jail and finally destroys him at the pinnacle of his career. Her transition from Pickett, Arkansas to Sardi's is skilfully reflected in her stiffening carriage and the gradual compression of her drawl.

Excellent performances are also provided by Walter Matthau, a writer with integrity; Anthony Franciosa, a cynical agent who climbs with Rhodes but retains his footing when his patron is dislodged, and Lee Remick, the pathetic drum-majorette, who joins the Rhodes act through matrimony. Indeed, the quiet, intimate scenes and background effects of Miss Neal, Matthau, and Franciosa maintain a level of distinction which cancels out much of the bombast and makes *A Face in the Crowd*, paradoxically enough, the most interesting film from Hollywood this year.

ANDREW SARRIS



A detail from Francisco de Goya  
**TORERO!**

Directed by Carlos Velo; narration written by Velo and Hugo Mozo; produced by Barbachano Ponce; released by Columbia. In the cast: Luis Procuna, Señora Procuna. Matadors: Manolete, Luis Briones, Manolo dos Santos, Luis Castro, Carlos Arruza.

A bullfighter's working hours require more histrionics than the most artful stage player's; his pageant is at once rococo, melodramatic, and realistic in the most dy-

namic sense. He is an actor whose missed cues—and the cues are unrehearsed—threaten death or brutal going, and whose stage fright effects a life worse than death: one of public ignominy. That cowardice and fear, and their corollary, disgrace, are worse than death is the premise of *la fiesta brava*, for only the courageous matador is awarded any part of the bull. The faint-hearted—and even the bravest are at times afraid—are publicly reviled. Bullfighting may be inhumane for obvious reasons. But to the matador the bull is the embodiment of all that is squalid; it is ugliness and filth and all the enveloping fury of a slum existence. The bull is a slum. And to fight that slum while fearfully presented with the immediacy of a groveling death, to gracefully abandon one's fear and boldly master one's self and the bull is to fashion the world a stage for the play of human triumph. This is the purport of *Torero!*, a documentation of such a triumph. Had Carlos Velo attempted no more than this, his film would assuredly have been magnificent. But with his confused conceptualization of issues, this message is almost obscured in a cloud of social and economic platform contradictions.

The picture is a reenactment of Luis Procuna's life from his peasant childhood aspirations through most of his bullfighting career. The film is narrated in the first person, with Procuna and his wife playing themselves in the major roles. It is basically a compilation of in-the-ring action sequences of Procuna and other toreros, including the great Manolete. For the balance of the film, Procuna exhibits a camera personality and dramatic awareness that possibly exceed his other talents. Again, considering the pomp and spectacle of his profession, his acting ability is not surprising. Add to this his handsome profile and we will only be surprised if he does not appear in more motion pictures. Señora Procuna is also quite competent in a pleasantly shy manner.

The film opens with Procuna nervously preparing for a fight which will end a brief retirement. He has already achieved his ambitions of fame, money, respect, and a happy family. He does not want to return to the ring, for there is nothing more to win. He can only be a catastrophic loser. But the cavils of the crowd goad him. He knows that the crowd killed Manolete and will now call for his blood, with its roar, "CLOSER! CLOSER!" Yet he is duty-bound to the mob; he must serve his public, no matter how shrill its cry. This conflict between self-interest and public demand points to a powerful dilemma: just how far does the obligation of a hero to his public extend? and can there be any obligation which involves a *vis-à-vis* with death once a week? Unfortunately, these questions are not intelligently answered, owing to an ambivalent treatment of the crowd. The spectators act alternately as a conscience, pleased with and cheering Procuna, yet prodding him to greater aesthetic conquests, and as a definite enemy, lust-ing insouciantly for blood in salivating frenzy. Procuna at times hates the crowd, yet he forces himself to serve it in a type of "my country, right or wrong" morality. But such morality is no longer admirable; the country is not an innocent child. Its adult machinations are

complex, and so are the duties of an individual. Procuna's positivism is an oversimplification, albeit a glorious one.

And as he is being limousined to la Plaza Mexico, Luis begins to regret his decision to reenter the ring. In a series of staccato flashbacks, at times tensely humorous, at times brutal, he reviews his life. In his childhood working days Luis resembled the bull more than the matador, sweating in the markets with huge crates fastened to his head and almost breaking his skinny back. At night he helped his mother sell tacos. Remembering those days, he says, "The sons of rich men do not become bullfighters." But though he remembers the mortification of poverty, it is only a hazy and vague recollection. Procuna has become a millionaire and he no longer squirms in markets or concerns himself with those who do. There is no sympathy shown to less able men, who will die just as they were born, yet there is an inevitably proud implication here. It is that neither poverty nor luxury is an end to life: Procuna, "rich enough to afford even the luxury of fear," does not choose to buy it; he returns to the ring.

When Procuna finally enters the ring, he is timorous. Thinking of his future, he says, "How sad, I thought, if I did not live to see my children grow up, did not live to see their children." In fear, he can't keep his feet still to face the bull's charges and twice he loses hold of the muleta. Afraid of being tossed he runs from the bull and hurdles out of the arena. The enraged spectators riot, filling the grounds with seat cushions. The judge fines him 5000 pesos, as the crowd, grumbling hostilely, begins to leave. The matador spit at, shamed—is not enervated. He offers to present an extra bull to the public, and his request is granted. The combat is fantastic, ending with Procuna awarded ears, tail, and hooves, and being shoulder-carried home through the city in an orgiastic procession.

In combining the documentary validity of *Bullfight* with the drama of *The Brave Bulls*, *Torero!* emerges far superior to either. It is definitely the best film done on bullfighting. Although there are parts left unexplained, and ideas only partially conceived, the film as a totality is forceful and joyously noble, regardless of the viewer's preconceived notions on the ethos of the bullfight. The actual fighting scenes have been carefully bowdlerized, although without any loss in power, in direct appeal to an American or, rather, *gringo* public.

BARRY SUSSMAN

## THE RED BALLOON

LE BALLON ROUGE. Directed by Albert Lamorisse, photographed by E. Sechan, music by Le Roux. With Pascal Lamorisse.

With Arne Sucksdorff, Albert Lamorisse shares a vision of the child's world that is as fabulous as it is true. Their difference is that the Sucksdorff films are essentially films in celebration of this world; children are adventurers who penetrate to an intense communica-

tion with nature in its pride and rapt beauty. They are outsiders who venture in, while in the Lamorisse films, the world is hostile and they are forced to venture out. The children-heroes of *White Mane* and *The Red Balloon* are allowed one pure joyful union with another being, be it balloon or wild horse, and this supreme experience, it becomes clear, is so intolerant of the customs of this earth and time, that it must culminate in another existence. Sucksdorff's child films have the warm grace of nostalgia; they seem events sharply, affectionately remembered. Lamorisse is nearer the heart of fantasy; he remembers not the reality of childhood, but the desires of the imprisoned self. The climax of *The Red Balloon*, in which a gang of street urchins destroy the beloved pet-balloon, releases the stored bitterness of a scarred and bullied childhood. But not for long. The ensuing sequence, with a drove of balloons assembling to bear the boy off into the sky, sums up and, in one sustained image, realizes all the impossible childish dreams of love, triumph and flight. The effect here is lyrical, not stark, as in *White Mane*. It suggests a haven of rich reward; the proud and noble gesture of *White Mane's* finale, in which boy and horse are hounded into the sea, is deliberately softened and lent a note of celestialty.

*The Red Balloon*, then, is a fable of a more traditional shape than *White Mane*. There is no Orphic immolation to confound a children's audience, only the conventional song of innocence, given certain practical inflections that a child's literal imagination can grasp. The balloon, for example, is animated by a recognizable, droll personality of its own. This achievement prompts the impression that the director has sacrificed a rounded artistic perception to the demands of a physical "gimmick"; certainly the film exposes all the occasions for comic incongruity presented by a vagrant balloon nosing willfully about in the gimcrack purlieus of Menilmontant. But when the inevitable drama occurs, it is a gratuitous affair, staged against a landscape that is itself too often seen, but not felt. The chalky façades, the narrow passages, the romantic haze of La Butte's skyline, are faithfully recorded, but always with an eye toward effect rather than meaning. Lamorisse's is a talent that has shown itself notably capable of recreating settings in the dramatic terms of his subjects. Perhaps the environmental stresses of *White Mane* are unnecessary for a film of this delicacy, but the feeling persists that the force of a locality has gone unexpressed. The director has applied his gifts elsewhere, and in the area of his main absorption, he must be granted one stunning cinematic accomplishment—the death of the balloon. It remains the film's most affecting moment, and as we watch it, all the emotive power with which Lamorisse has endowed this simple toy now rises to confront us. Sentiment and symbol are fused, and the film suddenly begins to speak its own language. In the phrases of pure cinema, Lamorisse now suggests what death may be: the slow, shuddering collapse of a red balloon.

ARLENE CROCE

## SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS

Directed by Alexander Mackendrick; produced by James Hill; released through United Artists. Screenplay by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman; photography, James Wong Howe; art direction, Edward Carrere; music, Elmer Bernstein. In the cast: Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Susan Harrison, Marty Milner, and others.

In the artificially illuminated world of Cafe Society, overweening gossip columnists, and groveling press agents, J. J. Hunsecker and Sidney Falco have already become mythical prototypes. They are the leading characters of *Sweet Smell of Success*, a brilliantly executed slice of evil and perversion. Alexander Mackendrick, a British director, hitherto known for his Scottish folk comedies (*Tight Little Island*, *High and Dry*), has captured the texture and rhythm of New York's night life with uncommon perception. Fifty-Second Street and Broadway north of Times Square seem to pulsate with the conflicting ambitions of their inhabitants and the low-angle shots of brooding automobiles. Mackendrick's quick cutting, his claustrophobic camera technique, and his crowded placement of characters in restaurants and night-clubs define a milieu that is at once dynamic and decadent.

Tony Curtis is perfectly cast as Sidney Falco, the press agent committed to the theology of making a fast buck. His nervous hands and ingratiating street-urchin expressions combined with his delicate, slightly feminine good looks mask an iron will to success. His master, J. J. Hunsecker, effectively portrayed by Burt Lancaster, is a megalomaniacal columnist who is Falco's key to success. Hunsecker forces Falco to destroy the romance between a jazz guitarist and the columnist's sister. Hunsecker's suggested motivation is incestuous and is indicated only by a furtive tenderness which seems perverted in the context of the columnist's monstrous personality. In the course of two nights, Falco resorts to blackmail, pandering, defamation of character, and a narcotics frame-up to achieve his ends. In his descent to hell, Falco always remains sympathetic partly because he is a recognizable social type and partly because his ambition is uncorrupted by false sentiment and moral hypocrisy.

Clifford Odets has provided some brilliant dialogue with an "inside" quality. Influenced by the speech patterns of Runyon and Lardner, Odets employs literate exaggerations detached from sentences. When Falco is asked if he is listening, he replies "avidly, avidly." A corrupt detective, remarkably played by that excellent character actor, Emile Meyer, calls out to Falco that he wishes to "chastise" him. Sports parlance, theater terms, and frank sexual references cap each scene with knowing punch lines.

If *Sweet Smell of Success* does not reach the highest level of film-making because of its limited theme, it still represents the best possible treatment for its material. Its sophistication, underscored by the subtle rhythms of progressive jazz, its frank acceptance of immoral motivations, and its sheer melodramatic excitement give it a fascinating surface that far nobler films lack.

CAROL RITTGERS

## PASSIONATE SUMMER

PASSIONATE SUMMER. Directed by Charles Brabant; produced by Les Films Marceau; released by Kingsley International. Screenplay by Mr. Brabant and Maurice Clavel, based on a play by Ugo Betti, "The Island of Goats"; photography, Edmond Sechan. In the cast: Madeleine Robinson, Magali Noel, Dany Carell, Raf Vallone.

"The Island of Goats," Ugo Betti's symbolic play, closed its New York run after two performances. The failure was caused by too naturalistic a presentation of a play which requires imagination and style. The same formal inadequacy mars the filmed version of the same play. We listen, we watch, but the words and images never move us because they are presented to us in an inappropriate naturalistic fashion which prevents us from accepting the symbolic situations and dialogues. Not even good performances and Sechan's beautiful photography can save it. It takes a great artist to blend content and form. An example of such a successful harmony is to be found in a film also dealing with symbolic themes—Cocteau's *Orpheus*.

JOHN GILCHRIST

## ESCAPADE

Directed by Philip Leacock; produced by Daniel M. Angel; screenplay by Gilbert Holland, based on the play by Roger MacDougall. In the cast: John Mills, Yvonne Mitchell, Alastair Sim, Marie Lohr, Colin Gordon, Jeremy Spenser, Andrew Ray, and others. Distributed by the Distributor's Corporation of America.

New York critics—as so often before—have misunderstood and buried a beautiful film, the best that we have seen from England since Carol Reed's *A Kid for Two Farthings*. The misleading publicity of the distributors, overstressing the secondary aspects of the film—the fact that it is with Alastair Sim and that it is a "roaring comedy"—has helped further to confuse the audience and the critics.

Actually, it is a strange tale about school boys who decide to communicate to the world their fervent, questioning belief: if they feel at 16 that it is wrong to kill, why should they kill when they are 18? It is a pacifistic film, engaging more as an idea than as a drama. It has the same masterful handling of children as Leacock's earlier *Little Kidnappers*, plus a touch of *Emil und die Detektive* and a touch of British documentaries. The children here, as so rarely in films, are portrayed as thinking beings, and the school as the place where our first ideas on life and death are formed. *Escapade* is a fantasy, a dream which, executed with style and strength, impressively conveys its simple but timely message.

JOHN GILCHRIST

Directed and written by Michael Cacoyannis; produced by Millas Films; distributed in the U.S.A. by Joseph Burstyn, Inc. Photography, Vosta Theodorides; music, Manos Hadjidakis; sets, Yanni Tsarouchi. In the cast: Melina Mercouri, Georges Foundas, Aleko Alexandrakis, Sophia Vembo, and others.

Michael Cacoyannis has been acclaimed in Europe as the first Greek director with any noticeable technical competence. *Stella*, his first film, is somewhat over-directed, with jittery camera movements, elaborate overhead shots, and passionate ("kiss me, you fool") close-ups. In a plot that hovers between grand opera and sordid realism, Stella—part vamp, part Carmen, part modern neurotic woman—toys with her Don Jose, a naive socialite, and her Escamillo, a virile but distressingly bourgeois soccer star. Seeking to maintain her freedom, Stella drives the socialite to his death and then deserts the soccer player at the altar. Fate finally exerts its pretentious sway with Stella defiantly advancing towards the dagger of her enraged would-be bridegroom.

Melina Mercouri meets and surpasses the physical requirements of the eternal temptress, but her manner lacks the deceptive charm and complaisance her role demands. Nevertheless, her lovers are such simpletons that her ultimate destruction is uncalled for dramatically. Where Dietrich's Lola in *The Blue Angel* and Arletty's Garance in *Les enfants du paradis* rise above the petty desires of humanity to embody the ascendancy of the feminine sex force, Miss Mercouri's Stella merely ties the loose ends of her character together with a morbid death wish.

Cacoyannis shows a flair for satire in Miss Mercouri's first entrance, a lively parody of Silvana Mangano's night-club act in *Anna*. Much of his low comedy is reminiscent of Italian and French peasant humor, but his demotic Greek dialogue is too banal for an intelligent treatment of the characters and their setting. Except for the authentic location photography (and the unrehearsed stares of passers-by), *Stella* fails to reflect any distinctive aspect of Greek life. If Cacoyannis is to comprise a Greek film renaissance, he will require bigger themes and better scripts.

ANDREW SARRIS

## OTHER RECENT RELEASES

**SILK STOCKINGS.** Directed by Rouben Mamoulian; produced by Arthur Freed; M-G-M release. Screenplay by Leonard Gershe and Leonard Spigelglass; music and lyrics by Cole Porter; photography, Robert Bronner; art directors, William A. Horning and Randall Duell; editor, Harold F. Kreiss. In the cast: Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, George Tobias, and others. "... how stupid the West can be when mocking the East."—*The Catholic Film Institute*, London.

**THE FRENCH THEY ARE A FUNNY RACE.** Directed and written by Preston Sturges; produced by Alan Poire and Paul Wagner. Screenplay based on Pierre Danino's book "The Notebooks of Major Thompson." In the cast: Martine Carol, Jack Buchanan, Noel-Noel, and others. Distributed by Continental Distributing, Inc. A weak comedy, a poor coming back of an important director.

**THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL.** Directed and produced by Laurence Olivier; released through Warner Brothers. Screenplay by Terence Rattigan, based on his play "The Sleeping Prince"; photography, Jack Cardiff; art director, Carmen Dillon; editor, Jack Harris; music, Richard Addinsell. In the cast: Laurence Olivier, Marilyn Monroe, Sybil Thorndike, Richard Wattis, Jeremy Spenser, Esmond Knight, Jean Kent, Maxine Audley, and others. An outdated, routine comedy with excellent performances by Laurence Olivier and Marilyn Monroe.

**NIGHT PASSAGE.** Directed by James Neilson; produced by Aaron Rosenberg for Universal Pictures. Screenplay by Borden Chase. In the cast: James Stewart, Audie Murphy, Dan Duryea, Dianne Foster, Elaine Stewart, and others. A railway-building western.

**GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL.** Directed by John Sturges; produced by Hal Wallis for Paramount. Written by Leon Uris. In the cast: Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Rhonda Fleming, Jo Van Fleet, John Ireland, and others. A western. Wyatt Earp cleaning up Dodge City and Tombstone.

**THE FORTY-FIRST.** Directed by Grigori Tchoukhari for Mosfilm Studio; screenplay by Grigori Koltanov; photography, Sergei Urusevsky; music, N. Kryukov. In the cast: Izolda Izvitskaya, Oleg Strizhenov, Nikolai Kryuchkov. An impressive film from post-Stalinist Russia. See page 9.

**THE PRIDE AND THE PASSION.** Directed and produced by Stanley Kramer; screenplay by Edna and Edward Anhalt, based on C. S. Forester's novel "The Gun"; released through United Artists. Music, George Antheil; photography, Franz Planer; designer, Rudolph Sternad; art director, Fernando Carrere. In the cast: Cary Grant, Frank Sinatra, Sophia Loren, Theodore Bikel, John Wengraf, Jay Novello, Jose Nieto, and others. An effective, though shallow, filming of C. S. Forester's novel.

**SAINT JOAN.** Directed and produced by Otto Preminger; released through United Artists. Screenplay by Graham Greene, from the play by G. B. Shaw; photography, Georges Perinal; designer, Roger Furse; music, Mischa Spoliansky; editor, Helga Cranston; art director, Raymond Simm. In the cast: Richard Widmark, Richard Todd, Anton Walbrook, John Gielgud, Jean Seberg, Felix Aylmer, Harry Andrews, and others. A sentimental, slow, incompetent presentation of G. B. S.

## RECENT 16 MM. RELEASES

Film Images, 1860 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.:

*The Expressionist Revolt.* Directed by Franklin Page; produced by The Detroit Institute of Arts. A survey of German Expressionist painting. 10 min., color.

*The Flower and the Straw.* Produced in Edinburgh by the Norton Park Group. Life in the London of 1830 as recreated from the etchings of George Cruickshank. 9 min., b/w.

*God's Monkey.* Directed by Hoyningen-Huene; produced by Hugh Chisholm. Explores in detail Hieronymus Bosch's triptych "The Garden of Delights." 13 min., color.

Contemporary Films, 13 East 37th Street, New York 16, N. Y.:

*Third Avenue El.* Directed and produced by Carson Davidson. A documentary on New York's now vanished elevated railway. 11 min., color.

*A Moment in Love.* Directed by Shirley Clarke; choreography by Anna Sokolow; music by Norman Lloyd. A dance-poem on love. 9 min., color.

*Momma Don't Allow.* Directed and produced by Karel Reis and Tony Richardson. An evening in London's Wood Green Jazz Club. 22 min., b/w.

*Together.* Directed by Lorenza Mazzetti; edited by Lindsay Anderson. A poetic study of two deaf-mutes. 52 min., b/w.

## COFFEE, BRANDY and CIGARS XXVI

HERMAN G. WEINBERG

*"It is in trifles, and when he is off his guard, that a man best shows his character."*

SCHOPENHAUER

In Memoriam: Erich von Stroheim, the ex-immigrant to these shores who, in the early years of this century, as much as said of the fledgling art of the movies, "That's for me!" Was it any the less "for" him than it was "for" Irving Thalberg, Louis B. Mayer, Eddie Mannix and the rest with whom he fought to preserve his work and who, individually, also said of the movies, "That's for me!"? Who was it really "for"—the artists or the businessmen? What would the movie businessmen have been *without* the artists? A "visionary of the real" (what Elie Faure called Goya), Stroheim was no less qualified than Delacroix to say of those that failed to see his intent: "In many people the eye is untrue or inert; they see the objects literally: of the exquisite they see nothing." Moreover, it could not be said of Stroheim as Theodore van Gogh, nephew of the great Vincent, once said of Picasso, ". . . I think he is afraid, something in him is afraid, so that he never culminates anything. He comes to the point of discovery and then turns away and does something else. I like him but I think he doesn't want to know something." Like the shrewd movie businessmen. Really great artists are never shrewd—they may be everything else, good and bad, but never calculating—this is the rarest human quality. "Vivat, crescat, floreat!" Stroheim once wrote me as his rule for the conduct of life: "Live, create, flourish!" For himself, he saw human experience through the prism of irony. Although the medium he chose to express his vision of reality was perfectly suited to him, it contained, by its very nature, what was to be an insuperable obstacle for him—the ubiquitous "businessman" who was suspicious of ironists. Even the Borgias, as patrons of the arts, did not need men littler than themselves to justify their largesses. The history of Hollywood and, indeed, the condition of the cinema today, with some notably stubborn exceptions (grace à Dieu!), were unwittingly foretold by La Fontaine almost 300 years ago: "On a toujours besoin d'un plus petit que soit."

The film, more than any other art, is a product of its time, its *Zeitgeist*, as the Germans say. At its best it can be the most vivid reflection of its time but, for this very reason, it ages and dates the quickest. Erstwhile virtues become defects, personal styles and mannerisms that once seemed spontaneous expressions are now transparent and we see "the wheels that make them turn." Today *The Third Man* appears almost as a parody of itself. Most screen classics, indeed, are archaic curiosities rose-tinted by our nostalgia for what they were to us in their initial flowering. Some survive better than others: *Citizen Kane* has lost nothing of its original validity but Huston's *Moby Dick* is already effaced in

our memory. What survives best (and this is true of all art) is perfection of form, rather than content. As to content, big and little ideas have served as the well-springs for great films but only through the perfection of forms devised for them, viz., *Potemkin* (a big idea) and *Variety* (a little idea).

Recommended: The medical analyses of current films in the fascinating new publication, *MD Medical News-magazine* (30 East 60th St., NYC), edited by one of Film Culture's sponsors, Dr. Felix Marti-Ibañez. Similar analyses of great painters, composers, film trends, etc.

In Memoriam: Max Ophuls, whose *Liebelei* in 1932 heralded a true film poet and whose *La Ronde*, *Le Plaisir*, *Madame de . . .* and most recent *Lola Montes* bore this out. His next was to have been *Les Montparnos*, on the life of Modigliani, starring Gerard Philipe. Alas, alas!

The range of intonations, timbres, expressiveness of voices as well as variety of facial expressions is extremely limited in American films when compared with the range found in French and Italian films, especially Italian. A thousand subtle shadings give these Mediterranean temperaments as many revealing facets as there are prismatic shafts of light glinting in a multi-faceted diamond. *Gold of Naples* is a particularly eloquent example of this. Most notable American exception was Lubitsch who got marvelous reactions from his players, notably Monte Blue and Adolphe Menjou. Sternberg in *Morocco*, too, and Stroheim, Chaplin, Clair etc. One not only saw faces reflecting sharply limned individual personalities (as against the vapid faces, for the most part, of today) but these faces reflected the minutest shadings of expressiveness of the soul.

Listen to the by now well known musical theme of *La Strada* and then listen to the opening measure of Saint-Saëns' "The Swan"—and be surprised.

The American sexologist Gershon Legman (now writing in France), calls my attention to the covert homosexuality in De Sica's *Shoe Shine*, solely concerned with boy-crushes in jail, and in *The Magnificent Seven* (*The Seven Samurai*) where it is conscious since the samurai were expected to have contempt for women. For that matter, what of the obvious homosexuality of *Harp of Burma*? "Censorship," says Legman, "makes homosexuality appear always in violent disguises—duels, wrestling, etc." (The most brazen picturization of lesbianism thus far is in the Japanese *Women in Prison*.)

Many years ago, Monta Bell, a disciple of Chaplin, made a charming little film, *The King on Main Street*, about a king who comes to America and finds romance. Today, Chaplin makes a film, *A King in New York*, about a king who comes to America and finds disillusion. *O tempora! O mores!*

Huge stone carvings of winged bulls that guarded the gates of Assyrian palaces (800-900 B.C.) were provided with a fifth leg and, when viewed from the side, appeared to be striding forward, as a result—a true kinetic effect.

In Memoriam: Dimitri Kirsanoff, another true poet of the cinema, whose *Menilmontant*, *Brumes d'Automne*,

etc., revealed one of the earliest lyricists of the French film.

Freud, though intrigued by *Un Chien Andalou*, said its makers were obviously afflicted with *dementia praecox*. Buñuel once planned a film consisting solely of the hallucinations of St. Simeon\* during his record fast.

The woman who financed the legendary *Le Roi Pausole*, from the Pierre Louys novel about a Mediterranean island king who had 365 wives, a different one for each night, deserves a special niche in the cinema pantheon for courage. Jannings' contract, as the king, called for all the caviar and champagne he wanted besides his fabulous salary, and director Granovsky worked only when it suited him . . . besides which there were those 365 bewitching lovelies to be looked after (and paid) every day, whether shooting progressed or not. The sponsor finally committed suicide. Only a few stills of this fantastic venture remain as her memorial.

In Memoriam: Sacha Guitry, a performer to the end, when he was heard to murmur, "I must not miss my cue." In a recent interview: "The future of the cinema is the silent film. In part I'm joking, but I believe that is true in a certain sense. . . . The spectator looks at, rather than listens to, a film. . . . The eye, not the ear, rules the cinema."

Sacha Guitry, during his later years, once found himself surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls during a pause in the filming of one of his pictures. "Do you think," said a friend to him, "that at your age this becomes you?" "Oh, come now," answered the irrepressible Sacha, "after all, one is only old once!"

\*St. Simeon Stylites the Elder (390-459 A.D.), hermit monk who lived on a platform atop a 66-foot pillar for the last 37 years of his life.

## ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MIND

ANNE W. LANGMAN

On a quiet street in the heart of erudite Cambridge, an old roller-skating rink has been transformed—with the aid of the most modern electronic equipment—into a radio and television station. For five hours every evening, this station transmits programs to Greater Boston. But no comics, jazz bands or glamorous actresses show up in the studios. Instead, bespectacled professors and string quartets bustle in and out, and from time to time are shepherded to camera and microphone by a staff of serious young men. For this is WGBH, Boston's educational station and the only educational television station on the Eastern seaboard. This awesome categorization, which it shares with 21 such stations in other cities, is not suitable; "alternative television," "community television," "minority television"—all these have been suggested to succeed the misleading "educational" tag. Although WGBH-TV has recently embarked on plans for a block of programs for use in the schools, this is not its main function. The majority of its time, money and energy is devoted to "entertainment of the mind," as Harvard's President Pusey describes it. Its programs are intended to inform and to stimulate viewers who prefer the possibility of pursuit of culture to the dead-certain vapidness of commercial television fare.

Being a young industry, television has a way of developing

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new dimensions in a startling and constantly shifting fashion. But even in this electronic crazy-quilt, WGBH is unique. Nowhere can one find a television station under the aegis of such distinguished cultural and educational institutions as those which comprise the Lowell Institute Cooperative Broadcasting Council: Harvard, Brandeis, Boston University, Boston College, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Museum of Fine Arts, Museum of Science, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Northeastern and Tufts. And I believe that Ralph Lowell, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, who presides over the Council, is the only banker whose office walls boast a "Variety" showmanship award. Certainly he is one of the few financiers who can discuss programming, audience reaction and television production as knowledgeably as stock market quotations.

Over a century ago, a Lowell ancestor established the Lowell Institute to bring adult education to Bostonians. The resultant Lowell lectures still continue. Some ten years ago, the then Harvard President Conant suggested that radio might well be used as a means to the same end. Thus the Council was born; its intention: a two-year experiment using time on existing commercial radio stations. Today the Council has its own radio and television stations on the air. The annual operating costs amount to \$400,000, a minute sum in the industry which spent as much on last season's production of *Cinderella*. The Lowell Institute contributes \$100,000; the cooperating institutions make up the rest with the help of interested citizens. How long will they continue? "We've been at it for ten years," Lowell says, "I don't just see how anyone could withdraw now, do you?"

The alternatives that WGBH offers Boston viewers do not in any sense compete with the two commercial stations but are designed to interest people who might otherwise be at a concert, a lecture or engrossed in a book. Last season's high spots were three lectures on "The Challenge of Co-Existence" by Hugh Gaitskell, leader of Britain's Labor Party, picked up live at Harvard University. A series of talks by the late Zachariah Chafee on civil rights and civil liberties made a now irreplaceable record of his 50 years of intensive study. "As shows go, it was terrible," comments station manager Hartford Gunn, "but this was a great man—with great ideas—who contributed much to this pressing problem of our time."

For its stars, WGBH usually calls on the professorial talent pool of its sponsors and, as yet, has barely scratched the surface of the available erudition. MIT's "The Science Reporter" brings a sampling of the latest research developments to the home screen each week. Harvard has recently appointed two distinguished professors as its television lecturers for the coming season: I. A. Richards will experiment with sight-and-sound to help people enjoy such great poems as John Donne's "The Extasie," Milton's "Lycidas" and Gray's "Elegy"; art authority J. Rosenberg will use Harvard's extensive collection of prints and drawings to illustrate a series of talks on the appreciation of art.

Professors present a problem on television. Often lacking even a bare minimum of sophistication in the techniques of television performing, they make difficult viewing. The droning voice, the turning pages, the downcast eyes—each detracts from the viewer's interest in the material presented. WGBH defends such programming: "If you want the man—and are running on a limited budget—this takes care of your format." The station has not yet found a way to present the knowledgeable speaker with any excitement or imagination. Volta Torre, MIT's television man, made some of the problems clear. He uses many different professors on his show; this means that he cannot develop any one or two into "television personalities." "You can block the advancement of an educator by overexposing him on television," he says. It takes too much of his time, arouses academic and personal jealousies, and is not yet a part of the university "pattern." Torre tells his professors to talk "as if to an intelligent neighbor." Unfortunately, even such sensible instructions are not enough. Content alone does not make good viewing, and the sooner educational stations accept this elementary fact of television life, the more

successful they will be in attracting an audience which can absorb the content.

Frank Baxter, U.S.C.'s "Television Professor," believes that there is a great latent reserve of talent in the country's ivory towers. "What they need is experience and exposure in front of a camera," he says. "The tricks are simple to learn—and essential for communicating ideas." Other educators can well listen to the man who has done so much to humanize the many subjects he has tackled electronically. His Shakespeare lectures have become a television classic. A series called "The Written Word"—treating the history of the alphabet—is as lively and fascinating viewing as any I have seen. But his ability to transmit his own knowledge and enthusiasm is no accident; he uses solid entertainment techniques, carefully adapted to the subject at hand.

The same absence of professionalism, that too often mars the effectiveness of educators, adds a pleasantly relaxed and unhurried atmosphere to other WGBH programs. Boston Symphony concerts (live and uninterrupted), chamber music and soloist recitals—sometimes on for several evening hours—are pure delights. Louis Lyons' friendly news commentaries and interviews are informative, direct and comprehensive without the rat-tat-tat frenzies of the "professional" newscast. "World Film Festival," which features documentary and experimental films from a different country every week, is probably the first "Film Club" of the air. "Laboratory," an experimental program dealing with the arts, has explored a variety of ideas at a pace which casually disregards the passing of time—an unheard-of luxury on commercial television. The station plans to expand its program range next season: Boston University will contribute a weekly show on local public affairs; Harvard Business School authorities will personalize their ideas on "People in Business"; distinguished visitors to Boston and Cambridge will serve as panelists in discussion of major world problems, while those in the theater and art world will participate in another panel show; from Brandeis, a program on ethnic groups in the area will examine such subjects as the 23,000-strong Arab community in Boston; practical courses in French and Spanish will be offered in addition to instruction in typing, American vocabulary and grammar.

To fill out its schedule, WGBH must use some filmed shows. This is another problem for the overburdened but steadily enthusiastic staff to tackle, since filmed programs available to all educational stations from the Ford-supported Educational Television and Radio Center in Ann Arbor, Michigan, are often unacceptable. "Bostonians would have little interest in a second-rate mid-Western professor's confusion about *Stendhal*," a staff member reports. The Center must distribute films made at all levels of scholarship to keep the interest of the 22 educational stations on the air today. WGBH has met this problem by going into film production themselves, finding it more satisfactory and, happily, profitable, inasmuch as they can sell their films for use elsewhere. Constantly on the look-out for subjects which cannot be done as well live as on film, the station has now come up with 13 half-hour shows in color on the International Geophysical Year and intends to do another series on conservation and reclamation in the near future. So far, subject matter is strictly delimited by the availability of finances.

What all of this adds up to is a new dimension on the home screen. The product this programming moves cannot be measured or analyzed by ratings; nobody will buy more or less of anything (except maybe a few books) because of it. WGBH has postponed, perhaps wisely, any systematic studies of its audience until a few more of the problems which currently plague it have been solved. It must first find a way to make the intellectual diet more palatable without compromising the quality of content; then, also, it needs to settle on a solid economic base which will provide more money than does philanthropic whim, so that it can employ expert producers, buy equipment to do remote programs, and be free to select subjects, independent of financial pressures.

The opportunities are endless and exciting. Two-year-old WGBH has made a brave start toward its admirable goal.

## THE FILM SOCIETY SCENE

THE JUNE EDITORIAL MENTIONED IN PASSING SOME OF THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF FILM SOCIETIES. BEGINNING WITH THIS ISSUE, "FILM CULTURE" WILL DEVOTE A PAGE EACH MONTH TO THE FURTHER EXPLORATION OF THESE POSSIBILITIES, AS WELL AS THE PROBLEMS AND NEWS OF THE FILM SOCIETY MOVEMENT. THIS PAGE WILL BE EDITED BY ROBERT HUGHES, PRESIDENT, AND GIDEON BACHMANN, INTERNATIONAL VICE-PRESIDENT, OF AFFS.

Film-makers recognized long ago that the ultimate audience for films of quality is the film society. And students and lovers of the art of film have tended more and more to join together in order to see the films which are unavailable to them in the commercial theaters. A recent estimate placed the number of film societies in the world at around 2500; this represents an approximate world-wide membership of more than one million. An audience of this size, along with that of the art houses, may be taken seriously by the film industry.

In America the film society is a comparatively recent development. Though there were pioneers like the Documentary Film Group of the University of Chicago in existence before World War II, most groups have been formed since the war. Today there are between 250 and 300 societies whose primary purpose is to better understand the art of film. This figure cannot be more precise, owing to the high birth- and death-rate of film societies.

A major reason for the formation of the American Federation of Film Societies two-and-a-half years ago was to help reduce this problematical death-rate. Other objectives include providing technical advice and means for consultation and exchange of information and ideas; encouraging the formation of new film societies; coordinating the efforts of those interested in cinema as a medium of art, education and information through lectures, literature, and film showings; arousing the consciousness of the public to the existence of fine films and increasing the demand for them by developing an intelligent and discriminating audience; facilitating the availability and distribution of films and programs of interest to film societies through negotiation with the film industry, independent distributors and others; and opposing censorship or limitation of distribution or exhibition of any kind. By now the death-rate is decreasing and the other purposes are being carried out in a variety of ways.

Some 50 societies now belong to AFFS, in addition to numerous museums, foundations, distributors, producers, film critics, teachers and other individuals. Member groups include almost all of the older, stronger societies, as well as many younger ones. They range in size from Cinema 16 in New York, with several thousand members, to a group of less than a dozen, Film Perspectives, in Wilmington, Delaware; and they include a society in College, Alaska, and two in Puerto Rico. Membership has risen steadily and will continue to do so now that the number of benefits and services makes membership a practical matter as well as an act of faith.

AFFS has obtained substantial discounts for its member societies from most of the major 16 mm. distributors and from many of the smaller ones. It has also arranged discounts on four selected film magazines. The value of these two benefits alone exceeds the cost of membership. In addition, AFFS early established an archive of program notes, which is fast becoming one of the world's largest collections of its kind; copies of these notes are sent out regularly to members. Also, AFFS now schedules three annual regional preview weekends—eastern, midwestern and western; these three-day marathon

screening sessions help program planners in evaluating and scheduling films which are newly available or rarely shown.

AFFS publishes five times a year an eight-page "Newsletter" devoted to matters of particular interest to the film society movement. The Federation's first major publication was the "Film Society Primer," a handsome paperback how-to-organize-it anthology edited by Cecile Starr, in which leaders of successful film societies share their experiences. AFFS also publishes annually an annotated "Selected Sources" pamphlet. In addition, through its Information Officer, the Federation regularly provides answers to questions regarding availability of films. Other benefits to members include eligibility for one of the AFFS scholarships to the annual Robert Flaherty Seminar.

Currently in preparation is the first in a series of indexes to the work of various directors, a list of outstanding films available free of charge, a list of significant films available from little-known sources, and a program of recent experimental films to be pledge-booked by member societies. Furthermore, the AFFS Source Committee is continuing its efforts to obtain certain films for society showing which are currently unavailable in this country. In the planning stage also is an annual in the "Primer" format; this will contain articles and scenarios of greater length than most film magazines permit. And next month, details will be announced regarding an AFFS-sponsored two-month tour of the film festivals, film libraries and production centers of Europe. The members of this tour will also attend the convention of the International Federation of Film Societies, an organization which AFFS has been instrumental in reviving this past year. Finally, AFFS next month will co-sponsor with the Museum of the City of New York a symposium on the new American realistic film (what may be called the "Eastern"). The participants in the symposium will be mainly people involved in the creative aspects of this recent trend in films.

Three and a half years ago, AFFS was merely a dream. Today, through the efforts of a few dozen concerned people, AFFS actively represents the interests of an audience of more than 15,000. To date there has been no subsidy for this work from the great foundations; nor has there been, as in most European countries, governmental assistance. Those who considered this absence of support and the size of this country insuperable obstacles to a strong Federation have been surprised by its steady growth. And as more individuals help with the work of the Federation, more and more of its possibilities are becoming realities.

Future pages of "The Film Society Scene" will deal much more specifically with the facts of film society life than has been possible in this brief introduction. Heads of various film societies will write about their programming policies and problems. There will be detailed progress reports on various AFFS projects, news of the film society movement here and abroad, lists of films being released for film society use, and other items about film societies of interest to readers of FILM CULTURE. Foreign and domestic societies are invited to send material for publication. Address all material to: "Film Society Scene," AFFS, 1209 West Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.

ROBERT HUGHES

#### FELLINI — CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Gelsomina has come close to creating a myth of her own. She has appeared as a subject in painting. A recent issue of "The Kenyon Review," an American quarterly, carried a poem by Herbert Morris called "The Road," in homage to the film. How do you explain this unusual reception?

—(Long pause) I would say the story, the story and the characters, first of all. You remember the parable of the stone? The meaning of the parable is simple. Everyone has a purpose in the universe; everyone, even the brute Zampano, needs someone to love. Audiences

haven't seen this theme on the screen in the past few years. At least not in serious films. Do you know that Giulietta has received at least a thousand letters from women who say that their husbands—husbands who deserted them, husbands these women hadn't seen for years—came home after they saw *La Strada*? One night not long ago we came back to Rome after being away, and on our doorstep we found a man and a woman. They told us they were married and they'd been waiting for us since early that morning. They wanted to tell us that, the week before, they had been about to separate, but they'd seen *La Strada* and that had reunited them. They weren't going to break up after all. They wanted to thank us. That's just one example. Giulietta also has many letters from cripples, paralytics, people who felt completely useless until they saw the film. Such letters come from all over the world. That is why I say the story is responsible. Also (smiling), perhaps it is a good movie.

—Were you surprised at the success of *La Strada* in America?

—No, I was more surprised at the success of *Vitelloni*. *La Strada* had been widely shown and well received in Europe, so I was not surprised at its reception in the States. But *Vitelloni* is earlier, more special, the story of adolescents who cannot see anything more in life than satisfying their animal desires, sleeping, eating, fornicating. I was trying to say there is something more, there is always more. Life must have a meaning beyond the animal. But I did not think that audiences unfamiliar with adolescent life in an Italian town would understand it.

—Perhaps the story of *Vitelloni* is the story of adolescents everywhere? Would that help account for its success?

—Perhaps.

—To come back to Giulietta. Do you find that your roles as man and wife interfere with your roles as director and actress?

—Not at all (smiling broadly, right hand palm up off the wheel). I do have more trouble—sometimes—with Giulietta. She says I am hard on her. "You are so nice, so sweet to other members of the cast. Why are you so hard on me?" That's what she says to me. At first, she did not want to wear Gelsomina's costume in *La Strada*. She likes to wear nice clothes, to dress like a lady. But I persuaded her to wear Gelsomina's costumes. I do not think she is sorry. Generally we avoid conflict because we do not talk about the picture when we are off the set.

It was getting late. Fellini had to finish preparations for Cannes. When he and Giulietta Masina left the following morning, the papers reported that they had boarded an express train for the Riviera. Two weeks later, for her portrayal of Cabiria, Giulietta had won a *palme d'or* as the best actress in the festival, "with special homage to Fellini." The black Chevrolet had been left behind because the real legend, I suspect, was unfolding there on the screen at the Palais du Festival. In Cannes, Fellini did not need a car.

UNSTERBLICHER FILM by Heinrich Fraenkel. (Die Grosse Chronik—Von der Laterna Magica bis zum Tonfilm) 250 Ill. 471 pp. Kindler Verlag, Munich, 1956.

THE FABULOUS ORSON WELLES by Peter Noble. 276 pp. Ill. Hutchinson & Co., London, 1956.

IMAGE ET SON, Numero Special: Les Films de Charles Chaplin—by Jean Mitry (No. 100, March, 1957) Revue culturelle de cinéma éditée par l'U.F.O.L.E.I.S.; 3, Rue Récamière, Paris, 7. (86 pp. Ill.)

WORLD LIST OF FILM PERIODICALS AND SERIALS (Repertoire Mondial des Periodiques Cinématographiques) Supplement No. 1 (La Cinémathèque de Belgique) 40 pp. 1957.

"Unsterblicher Film" begins with a chronology of notable film events and films from 1895 to 1931, preceded by a chronology of pre-film history including the early cave drawings (20,000 B.C.) of animals in motion and the Chinese shadow-plays of 5000 B.C. Then comes what is supposed to be a history of the silent film. Credit: a frequently humorous, informative and perceptive text, some rare stills, and a physically handsome job of publishing. Debit: unchronological arrangement of stills, many incomplete still captions, the usual percentage of factual errors, sins of omission and commission, disproportionate space given stills from mediocre films. Withal, a book worth having for the great amount of new stuff, pictorial and textual, you won't come across in any other film book.

Not only for the light it casts on the multi-faceted Orson Welles but also for the equally searching light it casts on the movie industry in the struggle between these two titans—a struggle resulting in some of the most original of all screen works—Peter Noble's "The Fabulous Orson Welles" is required reading. Frankly partisan, Noble paints his hero as one of the most remarkable creative talents of our time—which, of course, Welles is—but does not hesitate, when necessary, to reveal also glints of the human, all-too-human Welles. A fascinating account of a prodigious career that has undoubtedly not yet reached its apex.

Jean Mitry, who recently wrote a book on Chaplin (reviewed in the last issue of FILM CULTURE), now has done a chronology of all Chaplin's films—with evaluations, backgrounds, synopses, significances, etc., of each film à la Theodore Huff, except that Mitry is far more perceptive and incisive—for a special number of the excellent Parisian monthly "Image et Son." The analyses vary in length, some being quite long and veritable essays. Mitry's adoration of Chaplin is such that for him *Sunnyside*, for instance, is "le plus merveilleux de tous les films de Chaplin"; *Shoulder Arms* is "le chef-d'oeuvre de Chaplin"; *The Gold Rush* also "le chef-d'oeuvre de Chaplin" and also "le plus égal, le plus homogène"; *The Circus*, "le mieux équilibré"; *City Lights*, "le plus beau de tous les films de Charlot"; and *The Great Dictator*, "la plus riche et la plus complète." That's the kind of enthusiasm I like, not the condescending pallid estheticisms that drip from the current "Ivy League" school of film criticism.

Jacques Ledoux, the indefatigable curator of the Belgian Cinémathèque, has published the first supplement bringing up to date his invaluable bibliography of the world's film publications that appeared in 1955. Text in English and French, and, of course, a must.

—H.G.W.

Also received:

NOVELS INTO FILM by George Bluestone. Baltimore, The Johns Hopkins Press, 1957. 240 pp. Price: \$5.00. Analyses of six films: *The Informer*, *Wuthering Heights*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *The Ox-Bow Incident* and *Madame Bovary*.

LE PETIT MONDE DE PIF LE CHIEN by Bartélemy Amengual. Travail et Culture D'Algerie, Alger. 120 pp. Essay sur un "Comic" français.

FICHE FILMOGRAPHIQUE. I.D.H.E.C., 92 Champs-Élysées, Paris 8. Analyses of films: No. 119: *Strangers on the Train*, Alfred Hitchcock; No. 120: *Romeo et Juliette*, Renato Castellani; No. 121: *Europe 51*, Roberto Rossellini; No. 122:

*Lady From Shanghai*, Orson Welles; No. 123: *Le Sang des Betes* and *Hotel des Invalides*, Georges Franju; No. 124: *Les Grandes Manoeuvres*, René Clair; No. 125: *La Pointe-Courte*, Agnes Varda; No. 126: *Les Mauvaises Rencontres*, Alexandre Astruc; No. 127: *La Mort d'un Cycliste*, Juan-Antonio Bardem.

CATALOG OF EXPERIMENTAL FILMS. Cinema 16, 175 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. A list of over 100 experimental and avantgarde films, available on 16 mm. for rental by film societies, art institutions, civic groups and colleges.

IMAGE, No. 51. George Eastman House, 900 East Avenue, Rochester, New York. "Reminiscences of the Early Days of Movie Comedies" by Clarence G. Badger.

FILMKRITIK. Siesmayerstrasse 58, Frankfurt a/Main. A monthly edited by Enno Patalas. The most critical film magazine in West Germany.

INDIAN FILM QUARTERLY. 12B, Netaji Subhas Rd., Calcutta 1. The first issue of a critical quarterly on Indian cinema. Recommended to everyone who wants to know more about the Indian cinema. Text in English. Available in the U.S.A. through Eastern News Co., 306 W. 11th Street, New York 14, N. Y.

YALE FRENCH STUDIES, No. 17. Yale University, New Haven, Conn. A special issue devoted to French and Italian cinema. Articles on Ophüls, Cocteau, Clouzot, Renoir, Bunuel, and others.

CINEMAGES. 3951 Gouverneur Avenue, New York 63, N. Y. A list of 1151 film periodicals. Price: \$2.50.

CAHIERS DU CINEMA, No. 71. 146 Champs-Élysées Paris 8. An issue devoted to the present condition of French cinema. Besides articles on various directors and production and export problems, it contains filmographies of 60 French directors.

A WILLIAM WYLER INDEX by Charles Shibuk, 2084 Bronx Park East, Bronx 62, New York. Price: 75 cents. A complete list of Wyler's films with full credits and other details. Recommended to all film students.

## IN THE COMING ISSUES OF FILM CULTURE:

Abel Gance and Nelly Kaplan: *Le Royaume de la Terre* (original scenario for Abel Gance's new film in Polyvision). Leon Bukowiecki: Polish Cinema After World War II. Branko Vucicevic: Yugoslav Cinema After World War II. Francis Bolen: The Work of Paul Haesaerts and Carlo Ragghianti. R. Yourenow: Alexander Dovzhenko. Rudolf Arnheim: Who is the Author of the Film? George Bluestone: An Interview with Dassin. Robert Hughes: Films From Puerto Rico. Maya Deren: Imaginary Conversations. Jean Renoir: On Film Style. Gideon Bachmann: An Interview with Rod Steiger. Carl Lerner: On Editing. A symposium on experimental film: Lewis Jacobs, Parker Tyler, Ian Hugo, Amos Vogel, Gideon Bachmann, Jonas Mekas, Cecile Starr, etc. A special Stroheim issue with articles by Rudolf Arnheim, Lotte H. Eisner, T. Q. Curtis, Stroheim's letters to H. G. Weinberg, etc. A special issue on sound: Jean Mitry, Georges Auric, Lotte H. Eisner, Enrico Fulchignoni, Gian-Carlo Menotti, Gail Kubik, and others. Also, articles by Richard Griffith, David Flaherty, Cesare Zavattini, Curtis Harrington, George Amberg, Andries Deinum, Gilbert Seldes, George Fenin, Jay Leyda, Orson Welles, and others.

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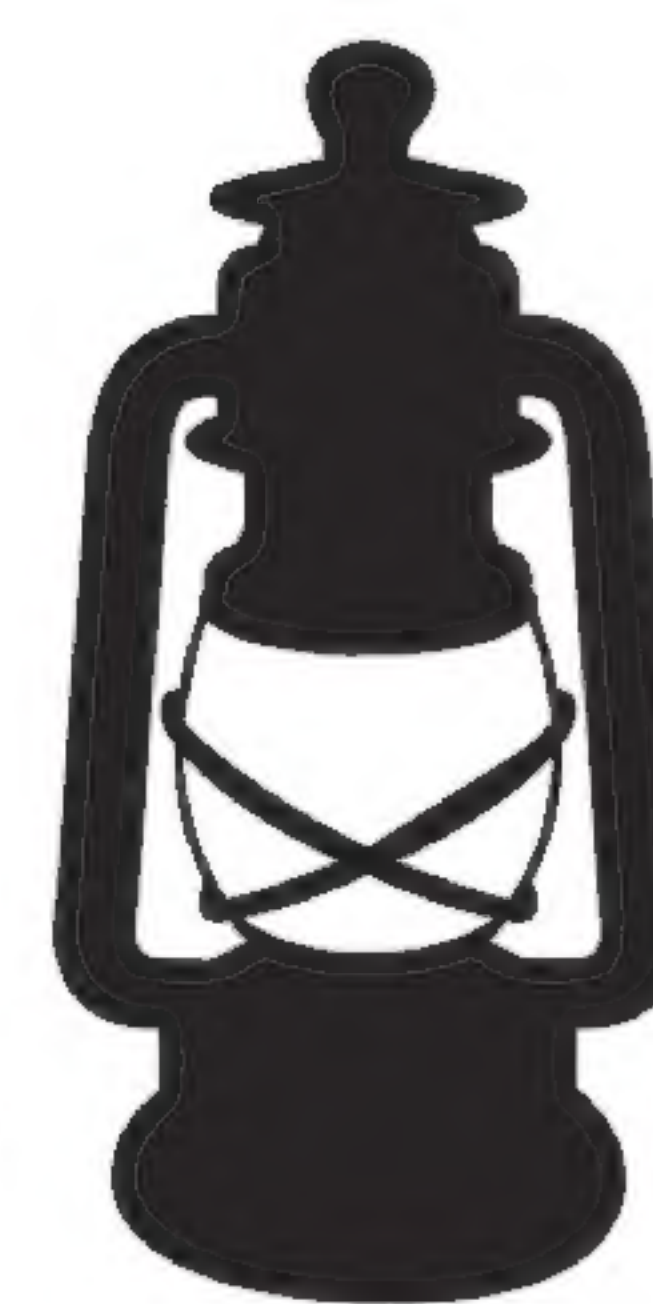


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